ODD WHIMS;

AND

MISCELLANIES.

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AND

MISCELLANIES.

BY HUMPHRY REPTON, ESQ.

VOL. I.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

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1804.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM WINDHAM,

&c. &c. &c.

Sir,

Politics and Party have at this time so strongly taken possession of men's minds, that in thus publicly addressing a public character, it may be supposed that I should make some allusion to the present state of public affairs; but since every individual who can read a newspaper has sufficient wisdom to advise statesmen, and to comment on their measures without

knowledge of their motives: I have not lately been ambitious of understanding political subjects, which varied with the seasons; or belonging to parties, which changed with the moon.

In the course of my profession, I have had the honour to become acquainted with almost all the Statesmen and all the Leaders of different Parties, without sacrificing the pursuits of taste for those of politics; and during my occasional conversations and correspondence with your late friend, the great Edmund Burke, I only knew him as the author of a treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," a book that in after ages will shine with perpetual lustre, reflecting honour on his taste and that of the country in which he lived; when many of his other works may be neglected with the occasional

pamphlets and squibs that throw a momentary light on the passing politics of the day.

The vicissitude of human events has been a common theme with writers of all ages; yet surely no period of time has ever witnessed such changes as those within our memory. Whether we extend our view to the great convulsions of Europe, or confine it to the fluctuation of sentiments and manners in England, or still narrowing the circle of our observation, only look at the changes in the rank, the property, or the opinions of individuals, within our own immediate knowledge; in all these points of view we must confess, that no human foresight could predict such uncommon events as we have witnessed since the year 1783, when I had the honour of accompanying you to

Ireland at the beginning of your political career.

Whatever might be your reason for then resigning your public situation and retiring into Norfolk, I confess I was not sorry to retire with you; I had seen enough of the *path* of ambition to know it was always *difficult*, sometimes *dangerous*, and often *dirty*. There was no dishonour in my wishing for the enjoyment of inglorious ease, and I looked forward with hope to the renewal of your friendship in retirement: but your talents were not given to be wasted in private life; a high sense of duty to your country soon called you forth again to take an active part in the councils of your Sovereign; and whether in conjunction with, or in opposition to, the various administrations of the last twenty years; the force of your eloquence, the depth

of your observations, the perspicacity of your mind, your personal fortitude, with prophetic sense of public danger, and above all, the sincerity and integrity of your heart, have proved that you were not created for the tranquillity of a private station.

When you determined to forego the ease of leisure to promote the welfare of the kingdom at large; I chose the more humble task of contributing to the comfort and pleasure of individuals: and while you studied to raise the glory and secure the best interests of the country; I was content to guide its taste and improve its scenery. Yet often do I look back with pleasing satisfaction to those happy days passed in the neighbourhood of Felbrigg; when you had leisure to cheer my retirement, and condescension to be pleased with the occasional productions

of my pen or pencil. Some of these I now venture to bring before the Public, together with a few other trifles, written at different times, and on different occasions; but whether produced at an early period when I had nothing better to engage my attention; or more recently to divert my attention from the constant duties of my profession: whether the offspring of too much leisure, or too much business, I am happy in having your permission to inscribe them to the friend of my early days, and trust they will be considered as the innocent and sportive effusions of an active cheerful mind.

As an apology for addressing such trifles to you, I may observe that, however the dull plodding money-getter may hold trifles in contempt; the wise, the good, the benevolent man, and

the man of genius, knows the value of trifling. And I have observed, that in proportion to the powers of mind to conceive great designs, there has always existed a peculiar faculty for enjoying relaxation. The cares, the anxiety, the bustle, and the duty, of the most arduous situations can only be borne by occasional recurrence to what some would call trifles; and whether they consist in the idle prattle of a child, the playful gambols of an animal, the cultivation of a flower, or the perusal of a poem, life would be intolerable without them.

Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give
Or you may die before you truly live.

YOUNG.

Since therefore the tension of the mind derives new vigour from relaxation, if any of these trifles can afford

a short alleviation of your constant anxiety for the public welfare, my attempt will not be wholly useless.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your very faithful and obedient

Humble servant,

H. REPTON.

Hare-street, near Romford,
March, 1804.

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The Sketches in this work may serve to enliven the narrative, and perhaps excite attention:

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

And if under the *VEIL OF LEVITY*, in the hands of *Painting* and *Whim*, Morality should be discovered, it may please the grave, without offending those who look only for amusement.

INTRODUCTION.

In the year 1787, a Collection of Essays was published under the title of Variety, without the names of their respective authors: they were the joint production of myself and some literary friends, whom I persuaded thus to employ their leisure.

Instead of publishing a new edition of the whole original work, I prefer reprinting a few of those Essays; and from the two first papers in that collection, I shall make such extracts as may serve to introduce some of those, which I now venture to acknowledge, and in which I have drawn a general outline of an ideal character as the author of Variety.

In his fortune he is comfortably easy, rather than splendidly affluent; too rich to be a rascal

from necessity, too poor to become one from ambition, and too honest to allow any plea sufficient for being one at all: an early thirst for Variety induced him by travel, to add a knowledge of modern laws and manners, to those of the ancients, which he had learnt in the public schools; his reading has been general, and in many different languages; for though he is neither able to construe the Alkoran, nor to hold a conversation in Cherokee; he has had *French* frizzed into his head with marechal powder; *Italian* slips off his tongue like macaroni; and he has taken in the *High German* Gutterals with the Old Hock of the country: as to *Latin* and *Greek*, they were early driven into him by the usual channels; for these being fundamental to all other learning, and yet having a natural tendency to rise, it has always been the custom at public schools, to instil the dead languages into a part where no living tongue ever exists, and as far as possible from the seat of the mother tongue: notwithstanding this wise precaution, 'tis wonderful with what alacrity they mount from the tail to the head,

and overpower every other species of learning. This is visible from the school-boy, who quotes scraps of *Latin* in the holidays, to the profound classic, who despises every thing that is not *Greek*.

The author's companions are men of fashion and men of pleasure, men of feeling and men of literature, men of business and women of every description; but as an ardent love of Variety will not permit men or books to fill up all the vacuities of a restless active mind, unoccupied by daily employment; he can *fiddle* with the musician, *sketch* with the painter, and *play a rubber* or *drink a bottle* with those who can do nothing else. In short, he is not ashamed to mix with folly where it is innocent, nor afraid to join the world where it is not dishonourable; always preferring mirth to sadness, and convinced that one day of cheerfulness is better than a whole month of sorrow.

He divides his time betwixt the town and country, seeking Variety in the court, and in the cottage; yet often finding sameness of bustle in the masquerade, or the village fair; and sameness of solitude in the retired coverts

of a forest, or the snug corner of a box in a public coffee room.

It was an observation of Pliny the elder, that "he never read a book from which he "could not derive some advantage;" so possibly the following anecdote of myself, and four of my countrymen, may be of use to those who take up this book to see only its defects.

We set out together from Hamburg, to cross the comfortless and dreary sands of Westphalia. During the first day's journey, each indulged the right of complaining, with all the virulence of English prejudice, heightened by the inconveniencies of travelling through a foreign country. The roads were villainous; the horses rascally; the carriage infamous; and, having expended all human epithets of reproach on these, the drivers and innkeepers were infernal and diabolical. In short, so completely were we dissatisfied, deranged, and out of humour with every thing we saw in the day, that our evening was fretful, quarrelsome, and tedious amongst ourselves, till it was fortunately proposed by one of the company,

to try an experiment the following day; which was simply this: that every one should affect to be most pleased, when he was really most disgusted; and that no one should utter a complaint, under the penalty of defraying the day's expences.

We all readily consented, though possibly from various motives; some impelled by the hope of catching their companions tripping; and others, (like myself) hoping it might afford Variety, by changing useless complaints, to ironical panegyric. Full of this intended reformation, we rose early next morning; the sun shone brightly on our design, and added strength to our resolutions: (else, being all Englishmen, a cloudy day might have destroyed the whole plan) the sandy roads became turnpikes; the horses, English hunters; the post-waggon, a landau; and the dreary plains, a fertile country: every thing was commended hyperbolically; till even rancid bacon, and half hatch'd eggs, were recommended as Westphalia ham, and early spring chickens: by being thus gradually accustomed to be pleasant

under difficulties, and to laugh at hardships instead of complaining, we became satisfied with our accommodations, and in good humour with ourselves, and one another. " Indeed, so much reason had I to be pleased with its effect, that I determined, as far as possible, to follow the same cheerful habit in my journey through life; and, when disappointment, or misfortune, have attempted to assail me; I can smile at their attack, and call them blessings.

MISCELLANIES.

No. I.

THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS.

THAT the happiness of life consists rather in expectation than enjoyment, has been so frequently advanced by writers of former ages, and so often repeated by those of our own times, that it should seem impossible to urge any thing new on this trite subject: yet, perhaps, the elucidation of a well known fact, may produce Variety, where Novelty ought not to be expected; particularly if the examples be addressed to those, who may

never before have seen the object placed in a light adapted to their pursuits.

The man of business has little leisure to peruse the speculations of essayists; and, if he had, no arguments would prove sufficient to convince him, that when he shall have attained the object for which he daily toils, he will at length find happiness elude his embrace, and often at the moment, when he fancies it within his grasp. Such a man will talk of the fatigue of business, anxious days, and sleepless nights; and he will think it madness to suppose, that some years hence, (when he shall have acquired the fortune that his hopes have promised,) he shall not enjoy happiness which seems to him combined with affluence and ease.

I will allow, that the prospect of this distant hope is sufficient to excite his industry to possess the promised good; but let him beware how he quits that industry, when he thinks he has no longer need of it; let him reflect that life without employment can never bring him happiness. No human being, however exalted his rank and fortune, however

enlarged and cultivated his understanding, can long be happy, without some pursuit. Life is a ladder on which we climb from hope to hope, and by expectation strive to ascend to enjoyment; but he is miserable indeed, who fancies he has reached his highest hope, or who enjoys the utmost of his wishes: those who have been the most successful in their respective undertakings, have given the gloomiest description of the emptiness of human pleasures. The pursuit alone can yield true happiness; and the most trifling object that has power to excite hope, is worth your attention.

Though the man of business may not allow the truth of what I have asserted, the scholar and philosopher will say it is a fact already well established: yet there is a distinct class from those who *think* only to enlarge their minds, and those who never think but to enlarge their capital; I mean the leisure country gentleman, who hunts, or shoots, or fishes, as the seasons or the weather tempt; and who reads sometimes, because he can do nothing else for his amusement. To him I

shall address the remainder of this paper: for he will judge how truly I describe his feelings.

In a warm summer's evening, look at the patient angler, his eye intently fixed upon a floating quill; a little gust of wind deceives his sight, or his hand shakes the line, and causes an undulating motion of the cork; his heart bounds with transitory joy; but all is still again, and expectation gives a joy more calm; many minutes now elapse in silent watchfulness; at length his patience is no longer kept in suspense, the float with frequent jerks is snatched slanting below the surface of the flood; he feels the tremulous motion in his hand, and pleasure thrills through all his frame; anxiety and hope, but not unmixed with fear, engross his whole attention, and cautiously he drags the struggling victim to the light; here when he views the unexpected magnitude of his glittering prize, his joy is at its utmost reach; what object could at this moment tempt him to quit his station? Intent upon his sport, he one moment pulls, then seems to yield, then gently

draws the exhausted victim, till at length, exulting, he takes the scaly prisoner in his hand: but alas! with his victory his pleasure ceases; for having disentangled the poor creature from his hook, he throws it down with indifference, and proceeds to fish again, that he may again enjoy the pleasure of anxious expectation.

It is with peculiar propriety that I consider the happiness of the sportsman, since I write this from my friend Aimwell's seat in Norfolk, where the season of the year and the necessity of exercise, with a love of conformity, have led me to partake in the delights and fatigues of shooting; and as I am not every day so employed, I could not help attending to my sensations during a walk of many hours and miles this morning; these I shall endeavour minutely to describe.

We rose and breakfasted an hour or two before our usual time, that we might find our game at feed upon the stubbles; a cloudy morning, with a brisk wind that dried the dew and gave the dogs every advantage of

scent, communicated cheerfulness and vigour to our undertaking: hardly have we mounted the first stile and stepped into the barley stubble, but Toho!—old *Sancho* stands, *Fop* backs him staunchly, before Hope can fully ripen into Joy, young *Carlo* dashes in, and the whole covey flies into a distant field of new cut clover; we mark down every bird; here is no time for disappointment, young Carlo is secured, and taken into couples by the servant, we step forward with eager strides to the object of our hopes; after walking briskly down the hill, and having toiled across the valley, just as we reach the corner of the field, panting with certainty of falling on our prey, the birds with one consent mount into the air only a few yards distance out of gun shot, and return into the hedge of the same stubble field from whence they were originally driven. Now, Hope suggests, that being in the cover of the hedge, the partridges will rise one at a time and yield us glorious sport: full of this idea we return with redoubled ardour the same way by which we came, and though we now ascend at every

step, the way seems shorter in proportion to our prospect of success. At length, behold us on opposite sides of the hedge in which we know our game is lodged; Sancho is on 'em! Fop winds 'em too! and now! with that palpitation which only a keen sportsman can comprehend, we gently beat the bush; and forth from either side, part of the covey rushes. My friend (who seldom misses a fair shot) kills his bird; but I, whether from too much eagerness, or too little practice, shoot behind my mark; and plainly discover, the moment I have fired, why I have not succeeded. But there is no time for recollection, much less for disappointment; there are more birds left. Sancho is stiffened at the hedge, at a few yards distance. *In extreme haste* my gun is charged again, and I move on with pleasing trepidation: the partridge whirrs from the pointer's nose, and I take more certain aim; but drawing the trigger, I discover, that in my haste I had forgot to prime. Now with my eyes only I pursue the happy fugitive; and this so occupies my thoughts, that disappointment cannot find admittance; besides, I exult in the

reflection, that had my piece gone off I should most certainly have killed my bird; and, while I am engaged in exultation, and in priming, the remainder of the covey takes wing, and points the direction we must follow. We now proceed, beating each field with unrelaxing diligence: we *try* swathe oats, or wheat, or barley stubbles; then *look* the clover; or turnips are *more likely:* in short, each piece of land we enter gives fresh hopes: we are sure they must be there; but having beat this field and that, in vain, we have better founded hope of *finding* in the next adjoining; nor does expectation droop beneath repeated disappointment; at length the dogs *are certain* in the turnips, and we approach with ardour, heightened by delay; and now a sportsman only can relish what I feel; the dogs stand immoveable as blocks of stone, and the heart beats with rapture at the approaching moment, while I cautiously examine whether I *have primed or not.*—At length a partridge rises with a rustling noise, and spreads his wings, my well aimed gun quickly stops him in his flight, and down he

falls!! This is the moment which a novice in the field would think the highest pitch of joy; but he is mistaken; the pleasure ceases with the victory; the lifeless animal is negligently thrown into the bag, and all the eagerness of hasty charging is repeated, lest other birds should rise while I am unprepared. Thus the happiness of sporting, like that of every other object, is more in expectation than enjoyment; and having confined my illustration to the country gentlemen or sportsmen, let not those who have never drawn a trigger at a partridge, presume to judge of extacies which they may think over-rated, but let them remember, that *energy* even in trifles, is necessary to constitute felicity in active minds: and that he who seeks happiness with indifference in any pursuit of life, will never find it; he must be in earnest, whatever he undertakes, and "what he does, he must do "heartily."

An opinion has often prevailed, "that in "the course of human life there is more "*Misery* than *Happiness*." Having never subscribed to this opinion myself, I shall

endeavour to convince my readers that it is erroneous, and that if *Happiness* does not absolutely exceed *Misery* in the world, yet at least the portion of each is nearly equal. Let us first consider by whom this doctrine is chiefly advanced: it is by those, who have communicated their discontented thoughts in *writing* to the public; for in *conversation*, few men wish to represent themselves less happy than they are. It is, therefore, to the class of *Authors* that we must trace this melancholy observation; and I will allow, that if any profession be more miserable than another, it is that of Authorship; from the poor drudge who writes a paragraph in a garret, to that great, and rich, and royal Author, who declared that "*Increase of wisdom was in*-"*crease of sorrow*." For the man who has *time* and *abilities* to WRITE, has also time and abilities to THINK.

The idle speculatist, whether groaning under the pressure of poverty, or gasping on the pinnacle of affluence, will occasionally be led to feel the emptiness of all human enjoyments, and complain with SOLOMON, that " all is

"vanity;" he will look back on attempts in which he has failed, with vexation; and on those in which he has succeeded, with contempt; he will look forward with chilling fear at future hopes, and shrink from undertakings accompanied with hazard. Yet amidst the disgust of retrospection, and the gloom of hopeless prospects, there will be always something to solicit his present attention, some trifling engagement, or some frivolous avocation, that may enable him at least to enjoy the present moment: and if he seriously reflect upon his feelings, he will perceive that he is seldom indeed unhappy at what has befallen him, but rather at the dread of what may happen. The SPECTATOR has observed, that "were a man's sorrows and disquietudes "to be summed up at the end of his life, it "would generally be found, that he had "suffered more from the apprehensions of "such evils as had never happened, than "from those evils that had really befallen "him;" and he adds, that "of those evils "which had really befallen him, many have "been more painful in the prospect, than by

"their actual pressure." This observation holds good through all the stages and conditions of life, whether the evils be real or imaginary, whether they proceed from mental or corporeal affections.

I do not pretend to assert that there is no evil in bodily pain, but whoever has experienced much of it, must confess, that it is never continual or unabating. The Great Dispenser both of good and evil, has so formed our bodies, that the most excruciating agonies have moments of remission, and are frequently relieved by natural intervals of mitigation, or such as may be procured for a time by laudanum; and when the body is again restored to health, and free from torture, to look back on past sufferings is one of the greatest sources of human enjoyment. I am acquainted with a gentleman, who amidst ample possessions, having little to excite his hopes or fears, is occasionally apt to become listless and dissatisfied with life, till a severe fit of the gout reminds him of his happiness, an ardent sense of which he most gratefully expresses at the termination of every

paroxysm. Thus it is with the mind also; from whatever source our misery proceeds, it is never without alleviation, if we will admit comfort.

'Tis not the actual existence of present calamity, but the anticipation of its consequences, that afflict and torture us. The loss of a friend threatens us with solitude, and we regret the want of his conversation, although perhaps it might never have again delighted us. The loss of a child puts a period to hopes which might never have been realized, had the child survived. The man to whom constant occupation is not necessary to supply his daily food, or to promote his ambitious views, will sometimes be depressed by fear; he will look forward with dejection to events which may never happen, and shrink from future evils which he may never have to encounter: while the trifling bustle and engagements which belong to each succeeding day will interest his feelings, and afford him happiness, if he will suffer himself to be diverted by them; but when he directs his thoughts to distant years, he fancies he shall be miserable, and

lose his relish for the joys he now possesses; he forgets that fresh objects (equally frivolous perhaps with those that now engross him) will have their power to charm.

The mind of man accommodates itself to every situation, and like one who at the first entrance into a hothouse, feels a suffocating heat, which gradually becomes only a comfortable warmth; so there is no change of life, no reverse of fortune, and no loss of friends or connexions, that time and habit will not reconcile; we grieve now, lest we should have cause to grieve hereafter; and are unhappy through fear of really becoming so; we see the approaching evil, but are blind to the obstacles that may prevent its ever reaching us; and while we fix our eyes on the *Mountain of Calamity,* we forget that possibly our destined road may lie in the *Valley of Peace,* which surrounds its base: or that, perhaps, we may sink into the *River of Death,* which flows at its foot, and sometimes kindly snatches us from the painful labour of struggling with insuperable difficulties.

After all, there is one source of consolation

which should never be overlooked, viz. That we are often mistaken in our judgment of what is *good* or *evil*. Thus the Widow Hopeless, whose husband died insolvent, leaving her with six small children, in a state of dependance on the bounty of her friends, has lived to see those children each settled in the world in affluence, and has repaid her benefactors the obligations she received.

There is, perhaps, no source of mental anxiety and pain more common or more poignant than that of providing for a numerous offspring. What agony can equal that of an unsuccessfully industrious man, who by his failure dreads the utter ruin of the fortune of his family? imagination paints his children beggars, and himself advanced in years, no longer able to support them; but let him not despair; let him look round, and he will find in every district of the capital, and in every town in England, numerous families like that of Widow Hopeless, who have risen to affluence and power, from circumstances the most unpromising; at the same time that he will see the single heirs of great paternal riches

reduced to sudden or to gradual poverty: but who can assert that affluence or power will actually secure felicity to their possessors? or that by entailing *wealth*, he can entail *happiness* on his posterity? Wealth too often is the cause of leisure, and he who is not employed will be most wretched; the man of business has the fairest chance for happiness; the servant is often more happy than his master, and those who have been nursed in the enfeebling lap of indolence and ease, envy the lot of the poor labouring hind; the felicity of shepherds has been the constant theme of poets; what idle man does not envy the industrious cottager, and feel the force of an old song, beginning nearly in these words:

> " Strong Labour gets up at the first morning dawn,
> " And stoutly steps over the dew-spangled lawn;
> " For with him goes Health from a cottage of thatch,
> " Where never physician had lifted the latch."

Children frequently owe their misfortunes to the too provident ambition of their parents. Thus because our own times have given an example of two sons of a mere country curate having risen to the highest honours

in the law and church; every fond father hopes to see his son a bishop or a chancellor: rather let him sow and cherish the seeds of humility, content, economy, and obedience to superiors, than plant the dangerous slips of ambition, or graft on their tender minds the hope of greatly augmenting riches; by such conduct he will render his children more useful members of society, and infinitely happier in themselves. We are seduced by wishes which we have no right to encourage, and are miserable at the failure of hopes built on bad foundations. Let us then rather enjoy our present happiness, undisturbed by what may or may not befall us in a future distant period.

—"*Carpe diem, quam minimùm credula postero.*"

I shall conclude this Essay with a letter, which may serve to explain the view of life represented in the vignette, and by a change of style enliven some of the more serious observations.

Sir,

"About a month ago, in returning from a foxchase on Nimrod, (who never before made a stumble in his life,) a rolling stone threw him down, and falling with my right leg under him, I so bruised my knee, that I have never since been able to set my foot to the ground: when the accident first happened, I was dejected beyond measure, not so much from the actual pain I suffered, as from the horrors of being confined many weeks during the best season for hunting: the first week after my fall I slept but little, partly from the fever attending the contusion, but more from my uneasiness under confinement; (having never before known the misfortune of two days illness;) I am now almost free from pain, but the limb is so weak, that I am still confined, and have had for the last fortnight, full leisure to reflect on my various sensations during my imprisonment.

"You can hardly conceive, Sir, the prodigious revolution which has taken place in my mind; many things now delight, which formerly afforded no satisfaction, and I look

with indifference on pursuits which before appeared to me the most engaging. I long to get out, not because I wish to hunt, (for I care little whether I ever hunt again,) but methinks, I should enjoy walking round my garden, to give directions to my people.

"There is a very sensible and learned clergyman in the parish, of whose company I have seldom been solicitous, because he is no foxhunter, and takes little satisfaction in the conversation of those whom my favourite sport used to bring to my table; for these reasons, I have never till now had leisure to consider his good qualities; indeed, I had the less inclination to cultivate his acquaintance, from an observation he made the first time we met: he said, that 'although occasional 'foxhunting might be a rational amusement 'to those who required strong exercise, yet 'he thought no man of a cultivated under- 'standing should dedicate his *whole* time to 'the sports of the field.' I remember, this remark at the time gave me great offence, because it was manifestly directed at me; but I have since considered, it might imply a

compliment to my understanding, and rejoice in the opportunity I have had of being convinced he meant it as such.

"He has called on me every day since my illness; and when I reflect on the contrast between his conversation, and that of my former companions, I am confounded at my insensibility and blindness to my own interest. On Thursday evening last, my neighbour, JACK TOPALL, sat half an hour with me, when he related all the events of the preceding day, 'where they had thrown off—where the fox 'broke cover—where the hounds were at 'fault—how old Ringwood clapt on him—'the burst of fifteen miles right out—who were 'in at the death,—and at last, that the whole 'concluded with two bottles a man, besides 'spirits and white wine.' I went to bed heated with the description, dreamed of leaping five barred gates, broke my leg again and again, and woke with all the symptoms of having taken my share of the wine after the chase; nor could I shaké off the effects of my friend JACK's conversation, till the good vicar called on me, and gave a new turn to my thoughts.

From horses and dogs he led them to men and things; for without the least appearance of pedantry, he insensibly conducts me to subjects of literature, and flatters my understanding by appealing to its decision; we yesterday read your last paper together, and he pointed out the metaphor at the conclusion, where you allude to the *Mountain of Calamity*; he observed that the SPECTATOR had said something of the same kind, where he compares 'the evils of this life to rocks 'and precipices, which appear rugged and 'barren at a distance, but at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful spots, and 'refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness 'and deformities of nature.'

"With my mind engaged in this contemplation, I went to rest, when the following dream produced such vivid imagery to my fancy, that I almost doubt whether I was asleep, or only musing and commenting on your metaphor: I conceived myself transported to a delightful country, beautifully variegated with gentle hills and vales, with woods and plains, and cultivated fields, which

were for ever changing as I passed on; for TIME, who was my conductor, never would give me leave to stop a minute in a place, except when sleep made me insensible of his progressive motion: then he would gently carry me in his arms to some spot which commanded nearly the same prospect with that where weariness had overtaken me. But I would not have you fancy my conductor was an old man with a sithe and an hourglass, as he is generally represented; no; he was continually changing shapes; when I first met him he was a healthy playful boy; he taught me many a puerile game, and cheered my first steps with pastimes and delights; we danced rather than walked the beginning of our journey, for all was sport and festive innocence; afterwards, in the garb of a college tutor, he led me by the hand through academic groves, where every step we took enlarged my prospects and increased my satisfaction in his company. I had only one cause of discontent, and that was, as I before hinted, that he never would permit me to stop a minute in a

place, or go back to view the scenes which had given me the greatest pleasure; indeed he would sometimes give this reason for his non-compliance: 'that the delight of every 'scene consisted chiefly in its novelty,' and he would sometimes shew me the picture of the places I had visited, reflected in the *Mirror of Experience*, which confirmed the truth of what he said.

"On my departure from the academic grove, I was struck with the appearance of a vast extensive plain, a sort of heath or common, intersected by many roads, but which all seemed to tend towards an object I had not till then beheld: it was a distant mountain, whose bleak and barren aspect at once convinced me that it was the *Mountain of Calamity*. I shrunk from the sight, and would have gladly turned back into the grove, but my conductor hurried me on, bidding me not direct my eyes to painful objects at a distance, but look on the *View of Life* before me. I did so, and was again delighted with the prospect near at hand; the ground was enamelled with a thousand flowers, that shed

their sweets as we passed by; I saw at a little distance the most delightful objects, a river gently glided through the plain, on which were happy groups of peasants dancing; on its margin stood the ruins of an abbey once sacred to *Holy Meditation;* above this rose a hill, whose sides were covered with corn-fields and wooded enclosures, illumined by gleams of sunshine; in one place were the remains of a majestic *baronial castle,* in another the gaudy villa of *modern opulence,* and on the summit was a column dedicated to *naval* and *military honours;* in the distance was indistinctly seen a *city,* and beyond it an arm of the sea, but the horizon was lost in the thick fog which dimly hid the foot of the Mountain. Whether this obscurity was the effect of clouds or vapours rising from the sea, or smoke from a distant battle, I could not discover, but it cast a gloom on my prospect.

"Again my guide pressed me to make choice of a road, and determine to which of these objects I would bend my course; each was more or less exposed to a view of the distant *Mountain;* and I observed, that in

proportion as the inhabitants of these several places struggled to ascend to the highest spots of their situation, they had a more distinct view of the Mountain, which all wished to shun. Struck with this reflection, I chose a road different from any I have mentioned, and passed through villages and pleasant farms, where unexpected scenery on every side delighted me; I could often view detached parts of all the other roads, and sometimes travelled a few miles in each; but though my prospects on each side were ever varying, and always pleasant, yet I could not avoid a sight of the fearful Mountain; and this, as I approached it nearer, seemed to rob the surrounding landscapes of their charms, till, by degrees, I found my spirits sinking, and became disgusted with my journey.

"Sometimes my conductor would bid me take courage, and enjoy with him the nearer prospects, or look back on the country we had passed; there I saw some hills which I had climbed with ease, and some which I had avoided, without knowing how: I was often pleased to see torrents which I had passed

without danger, and vexed to perceive objects that I had missed, and to which now there was no going back. By thus looking round occasionally, I insensibly pressed forward till I was so near the Mountain, that it seemed impossible to remove it from my eyes; but how was I overwhelmed with despair at the horrors of my way, when on a sudden, a few steps farther presented the full prospect of the *River of Death*, which swept away thousands in their passage to the Mountain; nay, I saw some voluntarily plunge into the waves, rather than look forward; but my conductor recommended me to FORTITUDE, who leading me through the bye-path of DIFFICULTY, I began to ascend the Mountain: and now I perceived it less barren than I dreaded; the roads were rugged indeed, but the view from thence of the country I had passed, was often not unpleasing; the river at the foot of the hill had lost its terrors, though from the Plains of Happiness it was a dreadful object; I could trace its course, and saw with astonishment, that it wandered through the whole extent of the journey I

had taken, and that many who pursued the several tracks were often destroyed by the rapid torrent, in the most unexpected part of their progress to that mountain which they saw but never reached. As I was earnestly surveying the many places where I had myself escaped, I struck my bruised knee against a projecting rock, and woke with the pain.

I am, &c.

QUONDAM VENATOR.

No. II.

VARIETY OF CHARACTERS.

It has by some persons been doubted, whether moral precepts may be more strongly inculcated by an appeal to the *understanding*, or to the *passions*: in other words, whether the head or heart of man should be addressed to inspire virtuous, or correct vicious inclinations; but it is from not duly considering the infinite variety of individual dispositions, that such doubts can ever have arisen. The teachers of mankind are too apt to imagine, that the same mode of instruction which has operated on some, may be effective towards all; and seldom reflect on that infinite diversity of temperament and character which distinguishes every man from those who most nearly seem to resemble him. I am led to the consideration of this subject, by frequent observations on the opposite characters of my

intimate friends Harry and Tom * * * *; two brothers, who resemble each other in some particulars, yet are as different in others, as heat from cold, or any extremes in nature; they are both men of excellent understandings, of liberal education, and generous dispositions; they both received their rudiments of knowledge at the same school, and under the same tutors; yet must they be moved to the exertion of their amiable characters, by very different motives.

Harry, whether from a natural coldness of heart, or from having occasionally suffered by imposition, is slow and cautious how he gives credit to tales of distress, or relief to objects of compassion; yet, does he never refuse his amplest contributions to alleviate calamity well authenticated, and never withholds his vigorous support to public charities, well recommended: he is a man of business, without having any thing to do; because, the slightest occurrence must be seriously considered, and trifling events become the subjects of earnest investigation. The impromptu of wit never reaches Harry, and ridicule

is hardly understood by him; his conversation is matter of fact, with abstruse reasoning on every topic; and his mind has, by long use, acquired, what he calls a habit of generalising his ideas on every subject. His reading, is what most would call dry, and requires the deepest attention: he has often declared, that he could never derive the smallest entertainment from the perusal of a novel, a tale, or even a dramatic performance.

Tom, on the contrary, is the slave of sudden emotion; and his life is a continued series of beneficent intentions; yet is he for ever disappointing the hopes of those who look to him for assistance. To know distress, and to relieve it, are with him the effect of the same instant, wherever it is possible; but a pause weakens the impulse of his generosity; and the essence of his benevolence evaporates by delay.

I will display my friends' characters by some instances of their life, to which I have been a witness. A few days ago, I accompanied these two brothers, to visit the cells of a new county prison, in which convicts are

punished by solitary confinement, and continual labour. Among the several objects that called our attention, we were particularly struck with one: it was a female figure, of an elegant form, middle aged, and a swarthy complexion, sitting on the corner of her bed; she was neat and plainly dressed, and was filling up a part of that single hour in the day which is allowed from the labours of spinning, by mending a hole in a clean white stocking; she had been six months confined in this lonesome habitation, without seeing or conversing with any living creature except the keeper of the prison, or his surly deputy. At the first removal of the slider in the door, through which we viewed her, she looked up with an expressive eye of grief and surprise to see herself the object of curiosity; and then, with an air of melancholy indifference, returned to her task, with her needle; struck with her appearance, we asked the cause of her commitment: the keeper said she was a fortune-teller, and dealt with the devil; but she interrupted his answer, by saying, she was a gipsey, who was sentenced to twelve

months solitary imprisonment for having practised her trade of foretelling future events. "Then," says my friend Harry, "you pretend "to be acquainted with whatever will hap- "pen."—"That, Sir," said she, "is part of "our *profession*." Tom observed, that he supposed she hardly looked forward to the sentence under which she was suffering. She replied with a half smile, accompanied by a tear; "if you will survey the narrow com- "pass to which I am confined, you must "allow, Sir, that a year is a long time to "look forward." Whether my friend's passions were moved by the repartee itself, or by the look, tone, or manner in which it was delivered, I cannot tell; but, turning from the door, he wiped a tear from his eye, and swore he would do something towards relieving the charming woman, while Harry was astonished at what could have so much affected his brother.

We then inquired of the keeper, the nature of her crime; which, he told us, was simply this: that on being asked by a poor credulous girl, what husband she should have, the

gipsey persuaded her to leave her gown and cloak, that she might lay them under her pillow, and dream an answer to her inquiries; and that when she had dreamt of the man, she would return the clothes: but either the gipsey could not sleep; or slept and could not dream; and the clothes were never returned till the law set them at liberty, and doomed the prophetess to an imprisonment, which *she* had never dreamt of. Tom was delighted with the girl's ingenuity, and resolved most fervently to appear in her favour, and plead her cause himself. Harry insisted, that it was a palpable fraud, and that she was justly punished. Tom defended her wit, and praised her person. Harry denied, that they were any arguments in her favour; and, after a few days, Tom agreed in his opinion, that the gipsey was an artful baggage, who had not the smallest claim to his compassion.

On another occasion, returning late through the Strand, with Harry and Tom, we observed some bustle in an adjoining street; Tom was eager to enquire the cause; but Harry advised, that we should push forward, lest we

might be drawn into difficulties that did not concern us; urging some prudential arguments for taking his advice. The shrieks of a female in distress had more effect on Tom; he instantly sprang from us to the place, and discovered that an innocent servant maid had been rescued from the brutal attack of a drunken libertine, by a gentleman who was accidentally passing by: before we came up with them, the watch had been alarmed; and we found Tom, with great vehemence execrating these vigilant preservers of the peace by night; for they had suffered the intoxicated offender to escape, and were extorting money from the poor girl and her deliverer, by threatning to convey them both to the watch-house. Tom recommended them to submit, and pledged himself to appear as an evidence against these harpies of nocturnal justice. We all gave in our names to appear against the constables, who defied us with "insolence of office;" and we proceeded on our way, amidst the observations of Harry, on the trouble this might occasion, and the triumph of Tom, in the prospect of bringing to punishment

such enormity and injustice. Some time passed before we were called upon to appear in behalf of the gentleman; when Tom's ardours had grown cool; and he declared he could not sufficiently recollect the circumstances of the event; feared he should expose himself by speaking to it in public; and, at length absolutely determined not to go: nor could any arguments of Harry, and myself, induce him to complete an act of duty, which no argument could dissuade him from originally commencing. The strangers, however, obtained justice; and the offenders were punished from our evidence; but not in so ample a manner, as might have been effected, had Tom declared the circumstances with that energy of resentment which he felt at the moment when he advised the prosecution.

From hence I would deduce, that such men as Tom are only to be moved by appealing to the passions; and such as Harry by solid argument; and that those who commend only, in moral Essays, the style of Sherlock, Tillotson, or Lock, on one side; or,

of Sterne, Swift, and Fielding, on the other; are equally as absurd as those who object to every thing, either sweet or sour: both are occasionally good; perhaps best, when properly blended; but certainly, different palates will require that either one or the other should, in a degree, predominate.

The universal desire of appearing what we are not, has been a common theme with all writers; but while its prevalence convinces us that it is in some measure natural to man, the variety of examples which may hourly be adduced will justify the repeated mention of so hackneyed a subject. We not only see people of all descriptions striving to impose on others a belief of their own riches, virtue, importance, or understanding; but actually to appear happy in the midst of misery, and cheerfully contented with a lot which they are for ever wishing and endeavouring to render less irksome.

What heightens the absurdity of this conduct, is an attempt in some men to impose an appearance of happiness from the possession of qualities which they really do not

even *wish to possess.* Such is the character of CHARLES EASY, who pretends never to be moved by the objects around him, who publicly despises the influence of the passions, and ridicules the idea of feeling for another's concerns; he insinuates that to be anxious for what does not immediately relate to a man's own self, is ridiculous and beneath the dignity of a rational being; but maintains that a man of moderate fortune may pass through life without trouble, and without anxiety, if he can acquire perfect indifference; and he is for ever labouring to convince his friends, that he possesses this quality in the highest degree.

I have many years been intimate with Charles, and a short acquaintance discovered the contradictions of his life and professions; he has a heart to feel what his pride endeavours to disguise, and his honest commiseration breaks forth in the midst of his counterfeit indifference; I have seen him suddenly arise with an air of assumed insensibility, at the recital of a tender tale, to hide the tear that glistened in his eye. If the distress of any

human being is related in his presence, he will coldly reply, that "people are apt to "make the worst of such things;" but having artfully become informed of the scene of wretchedness, I have occasionally detected him in the act of visiting and relieving the unfortunate sufferers, while he excused his tenderness by a careless avowal of mere curiosity; nor are his attentions confined to those of his own species only, for I once saw him eagerly spring forth to deliver a fly from the cruel gripe of a spider; yet when I commended his generosity, he assured me that the only motive for his conduct, was the dissonant buzzing of the captive animal. Thus does my friend pass his life in contriving excuses for being actuated by the brightest ornament of human nature; and prides himself in a dissembled unconcernedness, which he knows he should be miserable in really possessing.

On the contrary, old ALLSHEW is continually preaching up the charms of benevolence, and asserts that all *happiness* consists in *good nature*, which, he says, includes every

thing that is meant by the charity of Christian and the philanthropy of Heathen Philosophers; yet is this man a slave to envy, to resentment, and to spleen; imperious in his family, cruel to his dependants, and quarrelsome to his acquaintance; continually lamenting the insults of the world, and the malignity of others, and professing that *he* alone is happy, by the habit of putting favourable constructions on premeditated affronts, and parrying insult by the guard of good nature; yet do his captiousness, his insolence, and his pride, expose him to attacks, which his implacable resentment converts to never-ceasing hatred.

Squire Big is conscious that he left the county in which his family had long resided, because the neighbourhood refused him that respect to which neither his rank, fortune, nor understanding, had ever entitled him; yet is he continually boasting of influence which he dares not return to exert, and of importance which he never means to resume; solicitous to impress on others a sense of his own consequence, and to convince the world

that he is somebody when at home; while he is consuming with melancholy at his own insignificance, and only exists to disguise the fatal truth that he is actually nobody any where.

Poor Ned Cramp is a good natured thoughtless fellow, who has squandered away a small fortune, to make the world think he had a large one; he talks of money in the funds which he has long sold out, and laments the tardiness of tenants, whose rents he long since assigned to satisfy his creditors; he is constantly advising with his friends how to put out sums on the best security, while he is actually borrowing money at exorbitant interest; he talks of prudence and economy as "things well enough for people in narrow "circumstances," but thanks Heaven "he "has no need of such virtues to secure the "permanency of his happiness;" nor is he induced to impose on others to support a false credit, or to indulge extravagance, but to gratify the vain desire of being thought a *monied man*. Thus does he waste his days in misery, that he may be deemed happy, and will end

them in poverty, that he may be esteemed affluent.

Doctor D** has but one topic in all companies; a few minutes conversation will bring round his favourite subject, and you soon discover, that implicit obedience in a wife, and the strictest subordination to her husband, constitute all his ideas of domestic happiness; his greatest glory seems to arise from the consciousness that he is absolute master in his own family: of this boasted superiority his friends can seldom bear witness, for he rarely invites them to his house. Having dined there lately, I perceived his reason, for during the repast, while he was constantly engaged in asserting his authority, his wife was as anxious to dispute it; and the comforts of conviviality were banished by this domestic contention, which gradually increased till the lady left the table. However, the Doctor triumphed in this victory, I could discover that he dreaded she would return to the combat, and that the suspension of hostilities would end with my visit.

There can be no situation, however elevated,

that will insure continual happiness; nor any so abject as to be without enjoyment; indeed happiness and misery seem so necessarily united, that they are equally dispersed through all ranks of society; and though we cannot persuade ourselves we are content or happy, we wish to conceal from others every appearance to the contrary; we derive happiness from being thought to possess it, and comfort ourselves in wretchedness if we can conceal it from others.

I shall conclude my examples of seeming contentment, with a letter from one, who can have little reason to disguise the sense of his melancholy situation: it is from a criminal in a solitary cell of the county prison already mentioned; he is without friends, without property, without character, and without any necessary of life except the scanty allowance which hard labour procures midst the horrors of a dungeon, yet he wrote the following letter, and delivered it to the keeper to be forwarded to a brother at a distance.

"DEAR JACK,

"THIS comes with my kind love, hoping it will find you in good health and spirits, as it leaves me at this present writing, thanks to nobody for it; I live in a pleasant part of the kingdom here, and only for the distance between us not so much amiss; the people are not over and above sociable, and so I *never mixes* with *none of 'em;* work is in great plenty here, and provisions cost us nothing; the house I live in is newly built, and they say 'tis one of the best of the sort in all England, for they can make up better than forty separate bed rooms every night. I was sorry to hear poor Bob was catched out last assizes; but no matter for that; they say Botany Bay is a rare country, and worth while to go on purpose to see, for 'tis quite another world. And so hoping we may all go there one time or other, this concludes me,

Dear JACK, your's till death,

TOM FILCH."

P.S. Direct to me, at A***** Bridewell, where I have fallen into a job of work that will hold me best part of next winter.

No. III.

ON LOVE.

HAVING been desired by a young female correspondent, to write an essay on the subject of LOVE, I have for some time past been employed in collecting materials to oblige her, from observations in the circle of my acquaintance; although a friend assured me, that I might as well attempt to describe a *griffin* or an *unicorn*; "for LOVE," says he, "like these monsters, is a thing which may "possibly have existed in former times, but "*now* mankind are wiser than to believe any "thing of the matter." I shall consider this as the opinion only of an old man who has forgot what he felt himself when he was young; and proceed to give a very singular instance of affection betwixt two lovers *who never saw each other*.

This curious fact I have extracted from a

manuscript in a dialect of the Persian language, and shall give it to my readers, partly as a translation, and partly as an abstract from a more extended narrative.

THE HISTORY OF

TAREMPOU AND SERINDA.

" It was on the banks of the sonorous river " Tsampu, whose thundering cataracts refresh " the burning soil, and sometimes shake the " mighty mountains which divide Thibet from " the empire of Mogul, there lived a wealthy " and revered Lama, whose lands were tribu- " tary to the Supreme Lama, or Sacer- " dotal Emperor, who governs all the land " from China to the pathless desert of Cobi: " but although his flocks and herds were scat- " tered over an hundred hills, and the number " of his slaves exceeded the breathings of " man's life, yet was he chiefly known " throughout all the East, as *the father of* " *Serinda*. It was the beauty, the virtue, the " accomplishments of Serinda, which gave

" him all his fame, and all his happiness; for " Lama Zarin considered the advantages " which birth and wealth and power con- " ferred, as trifling when compared to that of " being *father to Serinda*. All the anxiety " he ever felt, proceeded from thoughts re- " lating to her welfare, when he could no " longer guard the innocence of *her* whom " he expected soon to quit for ever." A dreadful malady, which had long seized him at a stated hour each day, he found was gaining on him, and threatened, in spite of all the art of medicine, to put a speedy period to his existence.

One day after a fit, which attacked him with more violence than usual, he sent for the fair Serinda, and gently beckoning her to approach his couch, he addressed her in these words: " Daughter of my hopes and fears! " Heaven grant that thou mayest smile for " ever! Yet while my soul confesses its de- " light in gazing on thee, attend to the fore- " boding dictates of a dying father's spirit: " my Serinda, whose breath refreshes like " the rose, and whose purity should, like the

"jessamine, diffuse voluptuous satisfaction "all around; disturbs the peace of her de- "jected father, embittering all the comforts "of his life, and making his approach to "death more terrible."

At these words, Serinda, unconscious of offence, and doubting what she heard, fell on her knees, and urged her father to explain his meaning; while he, gently raising her, proceeded thus, "the Angel of Death, who ad- "monishes and warns the faithful in the hour "of sickness, ere he strikes the fatal blow, has "summoned me to join thy holy mother, who "died when she gave birth to my Serinda; yet "let me not depart to the unknown and fearful "Land of Death, and leave my daughter un- "protected; Oh! my Serinda, speak! Hast thou "ever seriously reflected on the danger, to "which thy orphan state must soon be subject; "surrounded as thou then wilt be with suitor "LAMAS of various dispositions and preten- "sions; some with mercenary cunning, "wooeing thy possessions through thy per- "son; others haughtily demanding both, and "threatening a helpless heiress with their

"powerful love?" he then reminded her that he had from time to time presented her with portraits of the several princes or LAMAS, who had solicited an union with his house, and which they had sent, according to the custom of Thibet, where the sexes can never see each other till they are married; he also repeated what he had already himself given her in writing, an epitome of their characters, their good and evil qualities, their ages, their possessions, and their rank in the priesthood of the LAMA, and concluded by saying, "tell "me then, my Serinda, which of all these "mighty princes can claim a preference in "the soul of my beloved daughter?"

Serinda blushed and sighed, but answered not.

LAMA Zarin desired that she would withdraw to consult the paper he had given her, to compare it with the several portraits, and determine before his next day's fit returned, which might be most deserving of her love. At the word LOVE, Serinda blushed again, but knew not why,—her father saw the crimson on her cheek, but thought it the timid flushing of

virgin modesty, and urged her to withdraw, and to be quick in her decision.

Serinda, with innocence replied, "my father "knows that he is himself the only man I ever "saw, and I think the only being I can ever "*love*, at least my *love* will ever be confined to "those objects which delight or benefit my "father, whether they be men or beasts; I "*love* this favourite dog, which my father "so frequently caresses; I *loved* the favourite "horse on which my father rode, till by a "fall he put his master's life in danger, then "I hated him; but when the tiger had seized "my father on the ground, and he was de-"livered by his trusty slave, I *loved Tarempou*; "and since my father daily acknowledges "that he saved his life, I *love Tarempou* "still." The father heard her artless confession, and told her that Tarempou was no LAMA; "but," said she, "which of all "those LAMAS who now demand my love, "has made an interest in my heart by services "to my father, like the slave Tarempou? "And yet I have not seen his person or his "picture, nor know I whether he be old or

"young; but he has saved my father's life "and is a favourite of my father, therefore "it is my duty sure to *love*, and I will *love* "Tarempou." The old LAMA smiling, gently rebuked his daughter for the freedom of her expression, and desired her to withdraw, after he had explained to her that *love* was *impious* according to the laws of Thibet, betwixt any of the race of LAMAS and their slave; Serinda left her father, and as she stroked his favourite dog which lay at the door of his apartment, a tear trembled in her eye, lest she might be guilty of *impiety*.

And now the slave Tarempou, who for his services had been advanced from chief of the shepherds, to be chief of the household, had an audience of his master; and observing him unusually dejected, declared that he had himself acquired some knowledge in medicine, and humbly begged permission to try his skill where every other attempt had proved unsuccessful. The LAMA heard his proposal with a mixture of pleasure and contempt; or, as 'tis expressed in the original, "his eyes "flashed joy, his brow looked forgiveness, but

" contempt and incredulity smiled upon his " lips, while his tongue answered the faithful " Tarempou, in gratitude and doubt." The slave replied, " may LAMA Zarin live for " ever! I boast no secret antidote, no mystic " charm to work a sudden miracle; but " I have been taught in Europe the gradual " effects of alterative medicines; 'tis from " these alone that I expect to gain in time, " by perseverance, a complete victory over " the disease; and if in seven days time the " smallest change encourage me to persevere, " I will then boldly look forward, and either " die or conquer," The prince assented; and from that day became the patient of Tarempou, whose situation both as chief in the house, and as physician, gave him a right to be at all times in the LAMA's presence, save when Serinda paid her daily visit to her father, and then he had notice to withdraw.

The first week had not elapsed before the LAMA was convinced that his disease gave way to the medicines of his favourite: the fits returned indeed, but every day they attacked him with less violence, and were of

shorter duration. In proportion as Tarempou became less necessary as a physician, his company became more desirable as a friend; he possessed a lively imagination, and had improved his natural good understanding by travel in distant countries: thus his conversation often turned on subjects which were quite new to the delighted LAMA; they talked of laws, religions, and customs of foreign kingdoms, comparing them with those of Thibet; and by degrees the slave became the friend, and almost equal of his master: amongst other topics of discourse, the LAMA would often tell of the virtues and endowments of his beloved daughter, while Tarempou listened with delight, and felt an interest in the subject which he was at a loss himself to comprehend. On the other hand, in the conversations of the LAMA with Serinda, he could talk of nothing but the skill and wisdom of Tarempou, wondering at such various knowledge in so young a man.

It happened one day, when he had been repeating to his daughter the account Tarempou gave of European manners, that

Serinda blushed and sighed; her father asked the cause, when she ingenuously confessed, that he had so often mentioned this young slave, that she could think of nothing else by day or night; and that in her dreams she saw him, and thought he was a LAMA worthy of her *love;* then turning to her father with artless innocence, she said, "Oh LAMA, tell "me! can my *sleep* be *impious?*" Her father saw her with emotion, and told her she must think of him no more. "I will endeavour to "obey," she said, "but I shall dream, and sleep "will *impiously* restore my banished waking "thoughts." The LAMA dreading the flame he had himself kindled in his daughter's bosom, endeavoured to check her rising passion, and resolved, thenceforth, never again to tell her of the slave Tarempou; but now it was too late, *love* of the purest kind had taken full possession of the virgin's heart, and while she struggled to obey her father, the fierce contention betwixt this unknown guest, and the dread of being *impious,* preyed upon her health, till feverish days and sleepless nights at length exposed her life to danger.

It was impossible for LAMA Zarin to conceal from Tarempou (whom we will now no longer call his slave, but his faithful *friend*) the sickness of Serinda; and while he confessed his alarm for his fair daughter's safety, he plainly saw that he had too often described that daughter to his favourite: he saw what it was impossible for Tarempou to conceal, that he had been the fatal cause of mutual passion to two lovers who had never seen, and but for him could never have heard of, each others amiable qualities. Thus situated (even if the laws of Thibet had permitted the visit of a male physician), prudence would have forbid his employing the only skill in which he now had confidence; but Serinda, whose disease was occasionally attended with delirium, would only call upon the name of Tarempou, often repeating, "he saved my father, "and it is he alone can save the lingering "Serinda."

Overcome by the entreaties of his love sick daughter, the afflicted father, in an agony of grief, cursed the cruel laws of Thibet, and told her, "she should see Tarempou."

Serinda heard with extacy, and knowing that what a LAMA promises, must ever be performed, the words became a balsam to the wounds of *love:* but the LAMA had not fixed the time when his sacred promise should be fulfilled; nor would he, till he had withdrawn and weighed the consequence of what had fallen from his lips. The oftener he revolved the subject in his thoughts, the less appeared the difficulties; and having by his conversations with Tarempou, raised his mind above the superstitious prejudices and customs of his country; he at length resolved to overcome all scruples, and to give his beloved daughter to the only man he thought worthy of her.

Full of the idea of their future happiness, he determined to obtain all that remained necessary for its completion, which was, the sanction of that higher power to which all the LAMAS of Thibet are subject: he instantly dispatched messengers to the GREAT LAMA, who resides at Tonker, with whom his influence was so great, that he had no doubt he should obtain whatever he might ask,

although unprecedented by the laws of Thibet; laws which forbid the *holy race* of LAMAS to intermarry with any but of their own sacred order. And now unable to suppress the joy he felt in communicating to the lovers that plan of future bliss which he had formed, he raised Tarempou to a pitch of hope which neither his love nor his ambition had ever dared to cherish; and to Serinda he promised that the sight of her physician and her lover should only be deferred one week, or till the messenger returned from the GREAT LAMA at Tonker.

From this day the physician was no longer necessary: but the week appeared a tedious age to the expecting love of young Tarempou, and his promised bride Serinda.

The seven days at length elapsed, when the messenger returned from Tonker, with the following answer: " *The most sacred Sultan,* " *the mighty* SOVEREIGN LAMA, *who enjoyeth* " *life for ever, and at whose nod a thousand* " *princes perish or revive, sendeth to* LAMA " *Zarin, greeting. Report has long made* " *known at Tonker the beauty of Serinda,*

" and by thy messenger we learn the matchless " excellence of thy slave Tarempou. In answer, " therefore, to thy request, that these may be " united, mark the purpose of our sovereign " will, which, not to obey is death, throughout " the realms of Thibet. The lovers shall not see " each other, till they both stand before the " sacred footsteps of our throne at Tonker, " that we ourselves, in person, may witness the " emotion of their amorous souls."

This answer, far from removing the suspense, created one a thousand times more terrible. The LAMA Zarin thought it portended ruin to himself and family; he now reflected on the rash step he had taken, and feared his sanguine hopes had been deceived by frequent conversations with a stranger, who had taught him to think lightly of the laws and customs of Thibet, for which he now recollected with horror, the GREAT LAMA's bigotry and zeal; he knew he must obey the summons, and trembled at his situation. Tarempou was too much enamoured to think of any danger which promised him a sight of his beloved mistress; and all the fear he felt, was, lest

the beauty of Serinda should tempt the SUPREME LAMA, to seize her for himself. "But "*she*, in whose love sick heart, dwelt purest "innocence, a fountain from whence sprang "hope, which branching in a thousand chan- "nels, diffused itself over all her soul, and "gleamed in her countenance, half seen and "half concealed, like the meandering veins "that sweetly overspread her swelling bo- "som," revered the LAMA for his decree, and thought it proceeded from his desire of being a witness to the mutual happiness of virtuous love: with these sentiments she felt only joy at their departure, which took place that very day with all the pomp and retinue of Eastern splendour.

Here in the original follows a very long detail of their journey, describing the number of their attendants, with the camels and elephants employed on the occasion; it relates that the LAMA *would sometimes travel in the sumptuous palanquin of his daughter, and sometimes rode on the same elephant with Tarempou, dividing his time betwixt the conversation of each, but unable to suppress his*

apprehensions or dissipate the fears of his foreboding mind. To compress the story within proper limits, I shall immediately proceed to the tribunal, which was held in the great HALL OF SILENCE.

At the upper end of the superb apartment, sat, on a lofty throne of massive gold, the SUPREME LAMA; before him, at some distance, were two altars smoking with fragrant incense, and around him knelt an hundred LAMAS, in silent adoration (for in Thibet divine honours are paid to the SUPREME LAMA, who is supposed to live for ever, the same spirit passing from father to son); to this solemn tribunal, LAMA Zarin was introduced by mutes, from an apartment directly opposite to the throne, and bowed in awful silence betwixt the smoking altars—at the same time, from two doors facing each other, were ushered in Tarempou and Serinda, guarded, each covered by a thick veil, fastened to the summit of their turbans, and touching the ground, and each accompanied by two guards, stood before the throne—a dreadful stillness now prevailed—all was mute

as death—while doubt, suspense, and horror, chilled the bosoms of the expecting lovers—in this fearful interval of silence, the throbbing of Serinda's heart became distinctly audible, and pierced the soul of her Tarempou—the father heard it too; and a half smothered sigh involuntarily stole from his bosom, and resounded through the echoing dome—at length, the solemn deep-toned voice of the GREAT LAMA uttered these words:—"Attend! and mark the will of HIM who "speaks with the *voice of Heaven;* Know, "that the promise of a LAMA is sacred as the "words of ALLA; therefore are ye brought "hither to behold each other, and in our "presence, by a solemn union, to receive the "reward of that love, which a fond father's "praise has kindled in your souls. Prepare to "remove the veils. Let LAMA Zarin join your "hands, and then embrace each other; but "on your lives, utter not a word; for know, "that in the Hall of Silence 'tis death for "any tongue to sound, but that which speaks "the *voice of Heaven.*"

He ceased,—and his words resounding

from the lofty roof, gradually died upon the ear, till the same dreadful stillness again prevailed through all the building;—and now, at a signal given,—the mutes remove the veils at the same moment, and discover the beauteous persons of Tarempou and Serinda. What language can describe the matchless grace of each, or convey an adequate idea of that expression with which each beheld the other in agonies of joy, suspense, and rapture; they gazed in silence, till by another signal from the throne, the father joined their hands, and then Tarempou, as commanded, embraced his lovely bride; while she, unable to support this trying moment, fainted in his arms!—and now, Tarempou, regardless of the prohibition, exclaimed, "help! my *Serinda dies.*" Instantly the voice from the throne returned this melancholy sound: "*Tarempou dies;*" immediately two mutes approached with the fatal bow-string, and seizing Tarempou, fixed an instrument of silence on his lips;—while other mutes hurried away Serinda; but the father, unable to restrain the anguish of his soul, cried

out with bitterness, " If to speak, be death, " let me die also; but first, I will execrate " the savage customs, and curse those laws " that doom the innocent."—He would have proceeded, but other mutes surrounded him, and stopped his speech, as they had done Tarempou's.

Then the SUPREME LAMA again addressed them in these words: " Know, presumptuous " and devoted wretches, that before ye brake " that solemn law which enjoins silence in this " sacred presence, ye were already doomed to " death. Thou, LAMA Zarin, for daring to " degrade the holy priesthood of LAMAS by " marrying thy daughter to a slave: and thou, " Tarempou, for presuming to ally thyself with " one of that sacred race; the promise which " this foolish LAMA made, was literally ful- " filled; these daring rebels against the laws " of Thibet have seen, and been united to, " each other; and the embrace which was " permitted, was doomed to be the last; now, " therefore, mutes perform your office on " Tarempou first." They accordingly bound the victim, who was already gagged, to one

of the altars, and were fixing the cord about his neck, when they desisted on a sudden, and prostrating themselves before Tarempou, they performed the same obeisance which is paid only to the heir of the sacred throne of Tonker. A general consternation seized all present; and the SUPREME LAMA descending from his throne, approached Tarempou; on whose left shoulder, which had been uncovered by the executioners, he now perceived the mystic characters with which the sacred family of Thibet are always distinguished at their birth. He saw the well known mark, the voice of nature confirmed this testimony of his sight, and falling on the neck of Tarempou, he exclaimed, "It is my son! my "long lost son! quickly restore his voice. "Henceforth this place shall be no longer "called the *Hall of Silence*, but of *Joy*, for "in this place we will celebrate the nuptials "of Tarempou and Serinda."

The history then explains this sudden event, by relating that some Jesuit missionaries, who had gained access to the capital of Thibet; in their zeal for religion, had stolen the heir of

the throne, then an infant, hoping to make use of him in the conversion of these people; but in their retreat through the great desert of Cobi, they had been attacked by a banditti, who killed the Jesuits, and sold the young Lama for a slave; he had served in the Ottoman army; he had been taken by the Knights of Malta; afterwards became servant to a French officer, with whom he travelled through all Europe, and at length accompanied him to India; here, in an engagement with the Mahrattas, he had been again taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to some merchants of Thibet; by this means he came into the service of LAMA Zarin, without knowing any thing of his origin, or the meaning of those characters which he bore on his left shoulder, and which had effected this wonderful discovery.

The history concludes with saying, that Tarempou was wedded to the fair Serinda; and that their happiness was unexampled: that the lessons he had been taught in the school of adversity, and the observations he had made in various countries prepared him

to abolish many foolish and impious customs of Thibet; and he caused to be written over the *throne* of the GREAT HALL, this inscription:

" Mark the cries of distress, and give re-" lief.—Receive the blessings of the grateful, " and rejoice in them.—Hearken to the words " of age, experience, and goodness, and obey " them.—Stifle not the feelings of humanity, " but encourage virtuous love; for the still " small voice of innocence and nature is, in " every country, the true *voice of Heaven.*"

No. IV.

ON DISSIPATION.

Sir,

It has been the cant of all writers, and particularly of your predecessors, to declaim against *dissipation*, but few have defined in what it consists; indeed the definition might prove dangerous to themselves; for I have sometimes considered even *writing itself* to be one species of it; at least, I have often sat down to write letters, because a rainy day has confined me to the house, when I have neither had a new book to read, nor a new acquaintance to talk with; that, Sir, is the case at this present moment, I have literally "nothing to do, and can't sleep." Therefore, having been revolving the subject of dissipation in my mind, I will unburthen my thoughts to you, and you may empty them out into the world, either muddy as I send

them, or strain them through your sieve as if they had passed the Academy *de la Crusca.*

What a jumble of contradictions is man, this mighty lord of the creation! the more I consider his nature, the more I am inclined to believe you right, in saying that his "love of variety" distinguishes him more than any other quality from his brutal fellow animals; for no man living can exist with perfect sameness of objects or pursuits. The horse enjoys life seemingly without discontent, if he be regularly fed, and cleaned, and watered; and will remain whole days and weeks in the same stall, without a struggle to get loose, if you supply him with his necessary food; for though he may display his courage in the battle, his ardour in the chase, and even emulation in the course, and seems to share his rider's energy in all his danger, or his sports; yet he would never unsolicited neglect the crib and stable to join the scene of action. The same may be observed of all the animals whose services belong to man; nor do the more savage beasts of prey appear inclined to leave their dreary homes, but

when impelled by nature to satisfy the calls of hunger, or more powerful stimulants to action. But man, whose boasted reason seems to fit him for a state of rest and quiet contemplation, is for ever anxious to dispel that faculty, by which he claims superior rank in the creation.

The slightest view of our acquaintance, and their pursuits, will elucidate my observation; but this remark does not extend to those who have *no thought to dissipate:* thus, although Aristotle has defined man to be an "animal which walks erect upon two legs, "and has no feathers;" yet that is not the definition of a rational being: there are thousands of human beings in the world which are but one degree above mere brutes; and some which ought not to be compared with them in point of understanding. Men who rise at a certain hour each day, are worked a certain time like cattle, or work themselves ('tis the same thing), and having been fed, and rested, at certain intervals, are summoned to a fresh day's labour without variety of thought, or occupation: nor do I

mean to condemn them as less useful beings, but they should not be confounded with the more enlightened of their fellow creatures; with those whose minds have been enlarged by education and improved by travel and study; who are not compelled to earn their daily bread with toil and sorrow, but who employ their reasoning powers, sometimes in collecting thought, but oftener in its dissipation, while they condemn in others, habits which they dislike themselves.

Sir Robert Rackett, who began his education at Eton, and finished it at Oxford, condemns his lady's *dissipation.* Her ladyship, whose manners were polished at an expensive boarding school near town, divides her winter amidst the sweet variety of operas, masquerades, routs, and fashionable parties; she is a woman of too much good sense to enjoy this constant succession of what others call amusement, for any real pleasures they afford; without novelty, they loose their charms to please; but what can she do else? she hates reflection, though it is free from guilt. Sir Robert, on the other hand, drags on his time

betwixt a saunter in Hyde Park, a game at tennis, or the conversation of the grooms at Tattersall's; dines at a tavern, and hating cards, returns to his own house half drunk about the time her ladyship prepares to sally forth; while she slips out another way, to avoid the ill-timed meeting. When soberly, he asks himself the cause of this strange waste of life, he confesses he has no enjoyment in it; but that, like Lady Rackett, he must do something to fill up his time. In the country her ladyship breeds poultry and saunters in the grounds without delight, or thrums her harpsichord without an ear, because she must do something till the time comes for her return to London. While the baronet is planting without improvement, or hunting without relish; not because he is a man of taste, or a keen sportsman, but because any thing is better than staying in the house and *muzzing* with his wife. I have selected this couple as an apt example, because they are both persons of good understandings, improved by liberal education; they were both possessed of ample fortune,

and came together from mutual attachment; but having no children living, and having in ten years time exhausted all their stock of conversation, and with it almost all affection, they never meet but to lament the emptiness of life, and to reproach each other for the system of dissipation which each adopts to banish painful thoughts.

That *thought* is painful, all wise men have lamented; and the *wisest* has confessed that he could find no real satisfaction in his prodigious share of understanding. All men whose situations exempt them from mere manual labour, are anxious to dispel the horrors of reflection; and the thoughts of the most virtuous man, without some dissipation or amusement, (call it relaxation,) would soon become intolerable. Ask this man why he fiddles? another why he travels? a third why he reads? they will all tell you, that they must do something to pass dull life away; for no man is equal to the dreadful task of drawing all his enjoyment from the contemplation of his intellectual powers, or to live a

whole winter on his own thoughts, as a bear is said to do by sucking its own paw.

The general use of *narcotics* and strong liquors in every country seems to point out that man is not always equal to the pain of thought; and those whom fate has not destined to reap the golden wheat by the sweat of their brows, must gather the gaudy poppy that grows mixed with it. Almost one half of human life is dedicated to natural sleep; and of the remaining half, there are few men either of sprightly genius, or intense thought, who have not occasionally sacrificed some part to artificial insensibility, either by the use of strong liquors, the fumes of tobacco, the excess of food, or the more dangerous application of even opium itself.

There is a species of *dissipation,* which as it appears less gross, so it is more fashionable at present: this is *music;* the bewitching influence of sweet sounds draws the attention with irresistible force; and though I can suppose that the *theory* of this art may be a laborious exercise of intellects,

yet mere *practical music,* so far from burthening the thoughts, seems to possess the power rather of draining and purifying them, while it effectually draws off reflection from every thing but itself. It is not thus with *painting* or *sculpture*; an able master will join in the conversation with persons, whose features he is at the time endeavouring to represent; but the real musician cannot fiddle and converse; even the simple act of whistling denotes, and requires, a vacuity of mind; and thus the clown is aptly described, "whistling as he went for want of "thought."

These, Sir, are my sentiments on *dissipation,* and I leave you to extract what moral you may please; but if you are at a loss, I would hint, that since some sort of relaxation is necessary to every man, *that kind* should be preferred which appears least likely to injure his fortune or his health; for this reason I am of opinion, that hunting is better than horse racing; that hemming a pocket handkerchief, or darning an apron, are better than gaming;

and that music is better than getting drunk; but if you are as tired of reading as I am of writing, you will agree that of all species of dissipation, sleep is the best; and so wishing you a good night, I beg you will believe me, Sir, one of your constant readers to

KILL TIME.

No. V.

ON CHEATING.

If we consider the various employments and pursuits of all ranks in society, how busily each is engaged to circumvent his neighbour, or to guard against the like attempts on himself; we shall be apt to conclude that the *chief employment* of life is to *cheat* others, or to prevent being *cheated* ourselves. This will appear a harsh declaration to those who fancy themselves honest, because they have never considered the full extent and meaning of the odious word *cheating*: but I fear it would not be difficult to prove, that few individuals have been totally and at all times free, from something very near akin to this universal practice.

The *gentleman* of great landed property, and strict honour towards his equals, if he permit his steward to let his land for more than it is fairly worth, may be said to cheat

his tenant of the just reward of industry and labour; and should his tradesmens' bills be deferred for debts of honour, he cheats *them* of the interest of their money.

TRADE exists only by what the *gentleman* would call dishonourable cheating; for if a man of landed property, residing in the country, were to desire another who was going to London, to buy any article for him, and if he were afterwards to discover that his friend had charged him a greater price than he had actually paid for it, the person who had by such dishonourable means obtained advantage, would be execrated as the meanest *cheat*: but not so the *merchant* or the *shopkeeper*; it is his business to buy every article in which he deals at the lowest price, and to sell it with as much advance as possible: if he could so secretly conduct his bargain, that the prime cost could never be discovered, his conscience would never accuse him of dishonourable *cheating*, for vending the commodity at any rate of profit; and the sole restriction by which he is confined, is the competition of the neighbouring tradesmen.

The *manufacturer* has a better claim to exorbitant advantage, as a reward for invention, ingenuity, and manual labour.

The *merchant* dedicates his *time* indeed, but it is often to mix, confound, perhaps adulterate, the various commodities which he imports; and what is this but *cheating?*

The *shopkeeper* displays his wares in the most tempting shapes, and attracts the eye with superficial excellence, hiding with watchful caution every blemish.

The subtle *silkmercer* darkens the light of heaven, to cheat you in the fineness of his stuffs; and the knowing *grocer* artfully sets off his dingy sugar, by placing it on paper of a browner hue. All this, they tell you, is not cheating, because their neighbours do the same, and it is their business. With the same excuse the *lawyer* pleads a cause which he knows ought not to be decided in his favour, and cheats the client of a fee.

The *beggar cheats* by exciting pity with false rags, and a dissembled tale of woe. The *beauty cheats* by every curl which nature

has denied her person; she cheats with artificial head, and heels, and tail.

I could adduce a thousand instances to prove how every rank and every profession employ their time in *cheating* others; but I must shew that it is not less urgently employed in counteracting the same intentions of others towards them. In our conduct towards our *superiors*, if we have occasion to solicit any favour, we must beware lest specious promises cheat us into hopes which cannot be accomplished, for a flat refusal is uncourteous; yet all cannot expect to be obliged, or served. Amongst our *equals*, if we form intimate connexions, we must be cautious, lest advantage be taken of our friendship, and our open heart be cheated by an ill-deserved confidence; for however illiberal the maxim, I fear it has been too often confirmed by experience of ingratitude, "that we should trust "a friend with cautious prudence, lest he may "become an enemy." As to our *inferiors* and *dependants*, every bolt and bar which defend the outside of our dwellings, and every lock

and key with which the inside of a house is furnished, are arguments how much we dread the general propensity, to cheat, rob, and plunder us.

I was led to this train of thought, by receiving the following letter from a friend with whom I have been long acquainted.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You will be vexed, if not surprised, to hear that I am unhappy from a cause which you long since predicted. In short, I am ruined by the acquisition of fortune. You have been a witness to the several stages of my life: you knew me when at college; and you approved my marriage, on leaving it, with a woman twelve years older than myself; whose only qualifications were, a person not disagreeable, an ardent love for me, and a fortune equal to my own, with habits of economy to make the most of it. You know how we lived together for nearly ten years in comfortable affluence, without children, and, I may say, almost without care; the only source

of disquiet I ever experienced proceeded from my poor wife's continual ostentation of vigilance, and good housewifery; sometimes she would disturb a pleasing train of thought, by producing odd remnants of linen for the family, which she had bought at half their intrinsic value; at other times I was summoned to attend the unpacking a prodigious chest of merchandise, which had been laid in from London at the wholesale price, because the village shopkeeper would add a farthing in the pound to every article. At breakfast I was told of new invented traps for catching mice, and was convinced of their effect, by having the poor stinking captives brought in with the bread and butter. The comfort of my dinner was destroyed by comments on the price of every dish; the abatement on a herring, or a mackarel; and the exact saving of a leg of pork, or a spring chicken, by breeding it ourselves. At supper, I was to sit in judgment on some miscreant servant who had been gossiping too long; perhaps the gardener had sold a cabbage, or the cook forgot to sift the cinders close; and a large

coal was then produced in evidence, that had been taken from a neighbouring dunghill. Thus my days passed amidst constant lamentations of my wife, that all the world combined to *cheat* us: yet I lived with credit and esteem amongst my neighbours upon five hundred pounds per annum; and vied in splendour and domestic comforts with those who, I was told, were spending twice my income.

" My union with poor Nelly had rather been a match of prudence than of strong attachment, at least on my side (for I believe the old girl loved me almost as well as she did housewifery); but by standing half naked at the window, to watch the maids one washing morning, she caught a cold, by which I lost my bustling housekeeper after only three days illness. You know how soon I recovered this loss; and that before twelve months expired, I married the accomplished widow Easy, with a jointure of five hundred pounds per annum. We have now lived together only seven years; and in that short time I find myself involved in difficulties

which I cannot comprehend. I am in actual want of ready money: you know my own estate is entailed on my hopeful nephew; but what surprises me, is this: I have an income now of a THOUSAND pounds per annum; my appearance is the same as when I spent five hundred only. I live in the same house, keep the same servants (except a few occasional helpers); have the same number of horses (except my wife's gray mare), and yet I am always poor. They tell me I am *cheated* by my servants, and my tradesmen; but that can never make the difference. What signifies a few shillings in a bill or a farthing in a pound weight? for such trifles I can never submit to the tedious task of casting their accounts, or cheapening their articles; yet what am I to do? I cannot live upon my present income, and it is impossible to retrench or save a hundred pounds. Come quickly to my assistance, and advise me. Meanwhile, believe me

"Yours, &c.

"CHARLES CARELESS."

No. VI.

ALLEGORY OF HOPE AND EXPECTATION.

A FEW nights ago, after coming from the theatre, where a new piece had proved unsuccessful; I could not help reflecting on the mortification which its author must that night feel; and this naturally leading me to recall the occasional disappointments I had myself experienced, my activity became gradually oppressed, and I insensibly sunk into a trance, which so engrossed my mind, that at this moment I can scarce determine, whether I was awake or not. The vision was too much connected to appear a dream, and I have not sufficient faith in modern miracles, to think I was awake.

My candles gradually increased in brightness, and at length cast so dazzling a blaze of light, that I could hardly distinguish what I am

about to tell. But, methought, an airy phantom stood before me, her vest was unlike in fabric, shape, or colour, to any thing on earth; her flowing robe was of the most perfect white; a lofty plume of feathers graced her head; her face was covered by a veil, through which it only half appeared; and in her hand she held a parchment book.

While I was gazing with terror and surprise, and hesitated whether it portended good or evil, the heavenly form addressed me thus; "Fear nothing; behold! before thee "stands the parent of invention; my name "is FANCY; I am sent to reveal to thee "the sacred book of mystic *Allegory*, from "whence thou art permitted to transcribe "that *page* which tells the *history of* HOPE "*and* EXPECTATION; quickly perform thy "task, and fail not to employ the lucky "moment which FANCY recommends to fur-"nish more *variety*." So saying, she laid the book upon my desk, and vanished; while I assiduously sat down and copied from the open page, as follows:

"HOPE is the favourite son of *heavenly*

" BENEVOLENCE, whose charms none that " see them can resist, and the brightness of " whose countenance can cheer the gloomy " horrors of a dungeon with a smile; to him " was given from the foundation of the world " a spouse unlike himself, her name was " FEAR, the daughter of GUILT. Why beauty " became thus coupled with deformity, pre- " sume not to inquire, nor dare to scan the " purposes of everlasting wisdom, or measure " its resolves by the contracted scale of human " understanding; but what thou seest written " let thy pen with faithfulness record. Jointly " to HOPE and FEAR was given dominion over " all mankind, and from their hateful union " sprang two sickly children; DOUBT, which " tottered as he walked by HOPE, and " ANXIETY, trembling by the side of FEAR. " Mutual disgust soon rendered it impossssible " for HOPE and FEAR to dwell together, " and at length, in pity to the excellence " of HOPE, a separation from his spouse " was granted by the Fates, and their do- " minion over mortals was divided and " alternate.

"The bonds of this detested marriage being "cancelled, license was given to HOPE to "seek another bride, that he might reproduce "his virtues with his species. HOPE then "became attached to PROBABILITY, a simple "maid, whose willing manner tempted his "addresses. She was easy of access, and the "light veil which covered all her charms "became transparent to the glowing eye of "HOPE; his amorous soul kindled with fond "desire, and from their warm embrace sprang "a daughter named SUCCESS, who soon be- "came the darling of her father, and he "assigned for her attendants, JOY and HAP- "PINESS.

"PROBABILITY had an only sister, who "resembled her in every grace and feature, "her name was POSSIBILITY; indeed the "likeness was so strong, that even HOPE "himself would not always have been able "to distinguish them asunder, but for the "*armour of Difficulty*, which was the con- "stant garb of POSSIBILITY.

"HOPE, ever eager in his temper, one "evening discovered this sister of his new-

" made spouse, naked and alone; he rushed " towards her with ardour not to be repressed, " mistook her person, and she, *unclothed* and " *defenceless*, yielded to his embrace. HOPE " was too fervent to discern, that instead of " PROBABILITY, he had taken to his arms " *bare* POSSIBILITY. From this incestuous " mistake, two sister twins were born, but so " unlike each other that it was scarcely cre- " dible such different children could have " proceeded from one source.

" The elder of these two, from some re- " semblance to her father, they called EX- " PECTATION; her infancy was highly pro- " mising, and as she grew up, her natural " impetuosity of temper, was checked by PA- " TIENCE, and her legitimate brothers DOUBT " and ANXIETY, having become her chief " companions, she was not a stranger to her " father's former wife; thus FEAR was at times " admitted, though she never was a friend.

" The other twin was called DISAPPOINT- " MENT, an execrable wretch, the curse of all " who knew her, ugly and deformed in person, " and loathsome in her manners; her father

" sickened when he looked upon her, and her " sister trembled at her approach; she knew " neither JOY nor HAPPINESS, but was the " sworn ally of MISERY and GRIEF, with all " their cursed attendants of WOE and SOR-" ROW, ANGUISH and REGRET, and *bitterness* " *of thought*. With these she would solace in " *cups of Envy*, or stupify her senses with the " *waters of Despair*, she was shunned by all " the world except her father, who would " sometimes strive, though often in vain, to " draw her from this melancholy crew, yet " she seldom listened to the call of HOPE. " She hated all the favourites of SUCCESS, " and often dared to break upon her sister's " slumbers, disturbing the pleasing dreams of " EXPECTATION; and though she knew her " sister dreaded her pursuit, she never ceased " to persecute and follow her. When EXPEC-" TATION promised to her votaries the smiling " patronage of well deserved SUCCESS, she " would snatch them from his power, and " spread her baneful influence round them, " till beset by her associates GRIEF and " VEXATION, they would drink with her the

" maddening *waters of Despair*. A draught " of this will chill the spirit of exertion, and " those who taste it become the servants of " NEGLECT, a powerful hag, whose dark and " dismal cave is——."

I had transcribed so far, and was about to turn over the following page, when FANCY again appeared, and holding back my hand, she said, " stop there! proceed no farther, " *Variety* must not look forward to NEGLECT; " it is enough for thee that thou art not a " stranger to the power of DISAPPOINTMENT. " Write, therefore, to the sons of men, tell " them, that none can know the pleasures of " *Success*, who have not been first led by " *Expectation*; yet let them beware how far " they trust her specious promises; let them not " presume on the support of *Merit*, *Industry*, " or *good Intentions*, for these cannot defend " against the wiles of DISAPPOINTMENT, ever " watching to betray the votaries of her sister " to *Grief* and sour *Vexation*. From the cruel " gripe of these, HOPE may yet deliver them, " but after men become familiar with their " dull society, and taste the waters of *Despair*,

"HOPE can no longer save, and they are lost "for ever to the world and to themselves." So saying, FANCY vanished, not on a sudden as before, but gradually diminished in my sight; the snowy whiteness of her robe became transparent, and folds that loosely waved in the wind became a hollow mass of crystal, through which I saw her wonderous form dissolve into a fluid, changing its colour like the rays of light; first it appeared like blood, then melted into liquid gold, then 'twas an emerald dissolved; from green it changed to blue, from blue to purple, and at length it deepened to a perfect black; the lofty plumes were feathers still, but they no longer nodded on the phantom's head, their stems were dipped into the fluid, and the whole at length assumed the well known shape of *implements for writing*. When I was recovered from the consternation into which this gradual metamorphosis had thrown me, I looked for the volume whence I had transcribed the history of HOPE and EXPECTATION; but behold, instead of it there lay open before me a little printed book, I think it was a volume of Pope's

Letters, in which the following passage caught my eye: "*Blessed is he who expecteth nothing:* "*for he shall never be disappointed.*"

No. VII.

ON GRATITUDE.

There appears to be no *vice* to which mankind is subject, but there is also some *virtue*, which is exactly its reverse: thus *courage* is the opposite to *cowardice*, *modesty* to *impudence*, *humility* to *pride*, and *integrity* to *deceitfulness*; but it does not always happen, that each virtue is considered amiable in proportion as its opposite vice is deemed detestable. Is it that men love rather to condemn than praise? In other words, that to punish evil with reproach, is more congenial to our nature; than to reward the good with commendation? or, is the world in general so good, that we seize more eagerly the opportunities of censure, than applause? I am led to this train of thought by having frequently observed how different is the treatment of *gratitude*

and *ingratitude;* the latter is justly execrated as the blackest vice that can disgrace the human breast. " Ingratitude," says Shakspeare, " is as if this mouth should tear this " hand for feeding it ;" yet its opposite, virtue, is seldom honoured with the " meed of " praise ;" and the most generous service that a man may render to his benefactor, is damped by the cold and chilling remark, " that he has " only done his duty."

If in all the occurrences of our responsibility, we could ensure ourselves this seemingly scanty pittance of applause, we might pass through life with satisfaction, and meet death without a fear ; but while so few can boast that they have *done their duty,* it is invidious to withdraw our warmest praise from those whose conduct may deserve it.

Great opportunities of exercising virtue, do not present themselves every day ; but our gratitude can never long remain inactive ; there is hardly a moment of our lives, but may remind us of benefits received, and obligations due. The truly pious man, will never retire to rest, or wake from sleep, but with

thanksgiving to that BEING, who dispenses happiness with life, and makes adversity a source of future blessing.

Ingratitude is a constant subject of complaint with all mankind; and this, I fear, proceeds from their being more mindful of the benefits conferred by them, than of those which they receive. If a man do a good office, he never forgets that he has done it, he never sees the person whom he has obliged, but with a self congratulation of applause; on the contrary, if he receive an obligation from another, he may express a sense of gratitude, at first, with fervour perhaps unfeigned; but time so moderates its ardour that he at length forgets his benefactor, and even views him with indignation if he but discontinues for a while his wonted favours. My friend Aimwell complained to me of the ungrateful treatment he suffered from the tradesmen of the neighbouring market town. The grocer, who at first bowed to the earth with gratitude, for the honour of ranking the *Squire* amongst his customers, because he occasionally supplied the Hall with certain petty articles;

how that he furnishes almost every thing, mutters to the steward, because the tea used in the family is bought elsewhere. And the butcher who supplies the house with meat, claims the liberty of coursing, when he pleases, in the park and fields adjoining; and though he owes his existence, as a tradesman, to the Squire, yet he resents (as publicly as he dares) the message by the keeper, to remove his sports to greater distance: forgetful of the constant debt of gratitude, he considers as an injury, the refusal of that privilege which he would not presume to expect, but from a cause that ought to make him the more grateful.

This sort of ingratitude is more universal than we at first imagine; for I consider as very nearly allied to it, every fastidious or unreasonable propensity, whether relating to man or beast, or even to inanimate objects, which leads us to expect *more*, because *much* is already given: thus while we look on a well painted picture, if any little distortion of a limb, or error in the drawing, be discovered; we turn from it with disgust, ungratefully

regardless of the numerous excellencies with which it may otherwise abound.

Those who have much to give, are most likely to complain of man's ingratitude; for this reason a minister observed, *that his power of dispensing favours, was the most painful task of his station, since he never gave a place away, but he made ninety-nine discontented, and one ungrateful.* Nearly to the same purpose was Lord B——'s answer, on being asked, why he discontinued giving annual balls? He said "that his rooms were not large enough to "contain more than two hundred persons; "and that he feared making all above that "number, his enemies; for he had observed, "that those ladies who were invited, forgot "it before next year: those who were not "invited, never forgot it while they lived."

I will conclude my observations on this subject, by describing the character of a clergyman, now actually living in the county of Norfolk; but whose real name I shall disguise under that of EUCHARIS. This gentleman was early in life presented to the adjoining rectories of B*** and B**, by a patron,

who at that time was unmarried; and therefore had no idea of securing a reversion of the livings to a younger son; and Eucharis has now enjoyed the benefice full thirty years. Being hospitable with economy, and charitable with prudence, the income of his living, with some private fortune, have enabled him to live in splendid competence, and leave a saving every year for extraordinary purposes, which gratitude has pointed out. He first considered the heavenly Master whom he serves, as his original and greatest patron; and, though his piety would check the presumption of repaying for the blessings he enjoys; yet he knows, that every attempt in man to shew his gratitude, is acceptable in the sight of Heaven. With this view, he has consecrated part of the annual savings of his income to repair an ancient gothic structure, where he exhorts his flock to worship; and has actually expended many hundred pounds to restore and beautify the temple of his God. This singular act of piety was secretly conducted, he raised an annual sum from his parishioners, that he might not be suspected

of the fact, and celebrates the rebuilding of the church, as the effect of voluntary contribution: nor did he neglect any other duties of a Christian, to save the money so appropriated; for his private well directed charities, amount to nearly half his income: his barns and store-houses are a repository for the industrious poor, who buy of him all the necessaries of life, at a price considerably less than what he pays for them: he never gives money to the idle, but liberally recompenses labour, and relieves with tenderness, the wants of age, of sickness, and infirmity, demonstrating true gratitude to Heaven, by acts of charity to man.

He has shewn in a manner, almost unprecedented, his gratitude to his earthly patron: that gentleman died about ten years since, leaving an estate entailed on his eldest son, and three other boys so scantily provided for, that they could ill afford the expense of a learned education. EUCHARIS knew this, and taking them to the parsonage, he considered them all as part of his own family; instructed them in the learned languages himself, and

sent them to the university to qualify them for orders, that they might in time fill those benefices which are in the gift of their elder brother. Nay, he has done more; he has actually resigned one of those livings which he himself received from their father, to the eldest of these three, who is just become of age to hold it: having no nearer relations, he considers the descendants of his patron as his heirs; and thus prolongs his gratitude to a second generation.

No. VIII.

ON FASHION IN DRESS.

To judge of fashions by reason, or to fix a standard for dress by the rules of good sense or utility, would be as absurd as to measure distance by weight, or fluids by the yard. Yet our moral essayists have not thought beneath their dignity, the subject of the two following letters. I have therefore preserved them as a record concerning the costume in dress of the years 1745 and 1786, to which I venture to add some comments on the fashions of 1803.

"Sir,

"When I tell you how much I have been adored, how often my charms have been celebrated in verse, and my airs and graces have been sung to music; in short, when I

introduce myself to you as a *wit*, a *beauty*, and a *toast*, I am sure my favours will be highly prized; especially, when you know that I have been flattered so long, that my head is not turned by adulation, and my experience has ripened all those qualities, which raised me to the pinnacle of admiration; for I am not now what I once was, the hair-brained, giddy, unexperienced hoyden; but an accomplished virgin of the middle age, I think it is somewhere about forty.

"From the earliest of my remembrance, my favourite passion was the love of dress; this I inherited from my mother, who once told me that she herself furnished the SPECTATOR with some of his best hints on that important article; as indeed, I myself, have done your predecessor, Mr. *Fitzadam*, in his papers of the WORLD. I invented the treble ruffle and ruffle cuff, and I was the first woman in the kingdom who introduced the pinking-iron: but if you would judge both of my person and dress, you will find me represented the most elegant personage in that group of figures, painted by Boitard, and

engraved by Patton, under the title of *Taste à la Mode*, 1745, though I believe the date is wrong. It is therefore with some propriety that *I* may speak of fashions; I, who have been an observer and a follower of them, through such great variety of changes; and it is in this necessary branch of a periodical paper, that I mean to offer you my service. But to shew you my *capability* of being a useful correspondent, I shall proceed methodically (for if I can ever deserve the name of an *old maid*, it must be from my great love of method), and, therefore, I shall begin with properly considering the word *fashion* itself, and how it has been called at different times.

"There have been almost as many words to signify what is fashionable, as there are different materials to cover ladies persons; but since to be *fashionable* is *all in all*, so they have always added that very significant word *all*, to every different name. I remember when it was *all the taste*, to see a lady clothed in velvets and brocades; then damasks and watered tabies were *all the mode*, and a silk so rich and thick, that it would stand alone,

was *all the go*: some few years after, lute-strings were invented, and then we goddesses were dressed in *clouds*, for they were *all the thing*; till on a sudden it was *all the rage* to appear in chintz and dimity: these, with muslins, tiffany, and gauze, were lately *all the ton*, and would continue to remain so still, but for the enormous price and scarcity of silk, which I foresee will make silk gowns soon *all the wear*.

"If the materials of which a dress is made, can have undergone so many changes in so short a time as I remember; consider, Sir, how infinitely various must have been the forms in which those gowns were made, from the *Sack* to the *Polonaise*, and from the *Neg-ligée* to the *chemise-la-reine*, with all the varieties of full-dress, half-dress, and undress gowns. I have seen heads moulded into every shape that whim could invent, or the ingenuity of man could execute: the hair has been taught to stand up, hang down, stick out, or twist about in every direction: at one time that it should smell of musk, *was all the taste*; then to flow free from grease, in easy

ringlets, was *all the mode;* then to stand stiff and clotted with pomatum, was *all the go;* and then again combed smooth, was *all the rage.* Lately, a gauze handkerchief by way of cap, was *all the ton;* and then to wear nothing at all, was *all the thing;* but now it is all the fashion to wear hats and bonnets; and this last fashion does the highest honour to the sex, as you will yourself confess, when you know whence *this style of head dress* proceeded. The masters of ceremony in certain public places of amusement, had impertinently requested ladies not to appear in HATS, as if *they* were judges of what best became our sex; and some presumed to exert their authority so far, as to refuse admittance to a hat or bonnet in a concert room; upon which the ladies ingeniously invented the *hat cap,* a sort of a mule betwixt a hat and a cap, and which so puzzled these impertinent dictators, that at length they have submitted to leave ladies heads to their own discretion, and are ready to acknowledge them full dressed although they should come naked and uncovered.

"There is one peculiarity in all fashions, which is whimsical and unaccountable; and that is, the sudden transition from one extreme to the other. There seems to be a sort of sympathy betwixt the most distant parts of the human body. Tops and bottoms rise and fall together; and what is worn in one situation, may be equally becoming in another: thus I have known a gauze *fig-leaf apron* worn as a *morning cap*, and a diamond *stay-hook* converted to a *hair pin*; but of all strange changes, that respecting *cushions* is the oddest; for in former times, when cane-backed chairs, and jointed stools, were used instead of sophas, the cushion had an inferior station, and helped to bear the weight of well dressed women; but now it is exalted, and every well dressed woman carries a cushion on her head.

"I may perhaps hereafter convince you, that my observations on dress, have not been confined to my own sex only; for amongst my numerous admirers, the most fashionably dressed, were always the most encouraged; I speak of beaux a few years back, for the

insipid fops of the present day are such senseless idiots, I have given them up, since they can prefer the smiles and gigling of sixteen, to the more seasoned and experienced beauties of a middle aged woman: you, I am sure, know better, and in this conviction I remain

"Very truly yours,

"TABITHA HASBEEN."

There is a part of Miss Tabitha's letter, which reminds me of an occasional epilogue, spoken at a private theatre, and which began thus :—

"Fashion! (whom all obey, and who it seems
Delights to shew her freaks in the extremes)
Fashion! (dread arbitress of heads and tails,
Changing their shape, as *great* or *small* prevails,
From Heidelberg's fly cap to Charlotte bonnet)
Fashion, is always right, depend upon it."

Of the truth contained in this last line, I am so well convinced, that I shall always study to be in the fashion; and I think it would not be difficult to prove, that my papers actually ought to be so. As the syllogism is the most correct method of arguing, I will

try to demonstrate this fact to those who know any thing of logic; thus *Alteration is the essence of Variety, and all Fashion consists in Alteration—ergo—Variety must ever be in Fashion. q. e. d.*

Some will perhaps wish my intelligence, respecting these alterations, could be furnished by a younger correspondent than Miss Tabby; but I consider the communications of that venerable spinster highly valuable; as fashions return in a certain series of years, she may be able to foretel sometimes what will be worn next spring or autumn; and such intelligence may be of the highest consequence to those who lay up clothes, instead of giving them to upper servants: indeed she has shewn a glimpse of this prophetic spirit in her letter, where she mentions the return of silks; and in her postscript, which I suppressed on account of its length, she compares many articles of female dress to former times; viz. the present *great coat* to the ancient *joseph*, and the present high-crowned bonnet to Mother Shipton's hat. She also talks of the ancient *fartingale* and

petenlair, two harsh-sounding names for things, which, she says, once were *all the crack*: the first comes from the Low Dutch Vierdendeel, meaning the hind quarter; and the other, I know not from whence; for she does not say how they were displayed, or on what *extremities* they were used.

The following letter was so covered with hair powder, and seemed to have been written in such haste, that I had some difficulty in making it out.

"MY DEAR GOOD OLD GENTLEMAN,

"I AM delighted with you, for promising to write about the fashions; for papa makes me read your paper to him, and I am vapoured to death with your long allegories, though I thank you heartily for the pretty love story: but pray, dear Sir, don't let that fusty old maid *bore* us with her treble ruffles; I hardly know what a ruffle was, for my mamma cut all her's up into robbins for me, when I first came out in the world last winter. If you want to know what is worn, come to

our rout next week, or call on me any morning, and I'll shew you my new hat;—but now I think on't, you must come to-morrow, or you can't see it with the orange ribands, for I must put on the *rose fletrie* riband, to suit my new *barbe de huitre*—I shall never be dressed in time though Winn frizzes quicker than any body—and I doubt you won't be able to make out my letter, for I am writing upon my knee—and the German with a hard name is waiting below with my new gown—so adieu, and be sure you write about fashions.

"P. S. An old good for nothing toad to quarrel with our beaux for liking sixteen better than sixty!—but mind me, and don't mind her—for I shall be sixteen next birthday.

"P. S. Winn says he's going to powder, so I must leave off, though I have fifty things to say.

"P. S. Oh! have you seen the new thing-a-mies that Miss What's-her-name brought from Paris? they say there will be nothing else worn—my pen is so clogged with powder,

I can only say once more adieu—and be sure you do as I bid you—all the men do exactly as I bid them."

I must have been very insensible not to obey commands conveyed to me in so peremptory and lively a manner, and therefore, resolved to go and procure a pattern of her new gown, before I discovered, that in her haste (I suppose), my young correspondent had forgot to add either a name or date to her letter; I therefore sat me down in earnest to consider how I might please her, little thinking that my speculations on *fashion* would prove so honourable to my fair countrywomen, as I perceive they will.

Here let me exult in the reflection, that I am born to celebrate an æra in English history, when modesty is arrived at its highest pitch; when the extreme delicacy both in our words and dress, makes it very difficult to speak of former times without shocking the ears (if they have any) of fine ladies and gentlemen. All my predecessors were continually lamenting the indecency of ladies in their time; the

SPECTATOR found full employment in pulling down their petticoats, or pulling up their tuckers; and the author of the WORLD, speaks of ladies "*moulting* their clothes, and "shudders lest they should strip and appear "stark naked in the depth of winter, making "both ends meet."

Poets in former ages, celebrated parts of the human body, which must not now be named or hinted at; but without going back to the descriptions in the song of Solomon, we can hardly read Pope, Prior, or Dryden, without wondering at the bold indecencies of their language, and I would seriously recommend that in all future editions of those authors, proper alterations be made, such for instance as this:

> On her *white breast* a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

This passage is now hardly intelligible, unless the whiteness is supposed to allude to the gauze handkerchief, for it could never be supposed that ladies displayed their breasts; yet from the several epithets of heaving,

panting, swelling, &c. which we every where meet with in our best English authors, we must either suppose that there was no decency in those times, or that the poetic license empowered these bold gentry to examine what they have so faithfully described.

So late as the year 1770, when I was abroad, it was the fashion in Germany, for women not only to display their naked bosoms, but their gowns were so contrived, that both their shoulders and elbows were perfectly uncovered; while in France, though women seemed to shew as much, it was impossible to see their skins, at least to touch them; for they covered their face and neck with a coat of paint, so thick, that there could be no indelicacy in any quantity of their persons which they might choose to expose to view: yet they contrived to reserve a particular spot of pure natural complexion for great favourites; this I discovered by the condescension of a charming little *Marquise*, who when she found me obstinate in claiming a salute *à l'Anglois* at our parting, she pointed with her fore finger to a place near the tip of her ear, saying,

"tenez, méchant diable; s'il faut que vous me "baisez, touchez-là;" and I have since thought that from hence might come the phrase of "gaining a lady's ear."

Historians tell us that the original inhabitants of Britain went naked; but though that was necessary to comply with the fashion of those times, they covered the whole of their body with paint of such a thickness as to keep the sexes at a certain distance from each other's person's; yet the whole shape and contour of the limbs must have been visibly exposed; and though they endeavoured to conceal their earthly bodies, by various representations of the heavenly bodies painted on them; yet I think our present notions of decorum would have been greatly shocked; for however well the sun, and moon, and stars, might be executed on their bare flesh, I am afraid they could never be half so elegant a covering as a *bustle* or a *bishop*.

But now let me call up the attention of those common-place moralists, who lament the degeneracy of modern times, and the decrease of modesty and virtue. So far from exposing

to the vulgar eye an elbow, a shoulder, or a bosom; few lovers can boast of having seen their mistress display a throat, an ear, or even a chin; the arms are covered with a length of sleeve, unknown to the most prudish of our female ancestors; and when a fashionable morning cap is worn, the tip end of the nose, and centre of the mouth, are all the features that are visible; and I have no doubt but that the delicacy of the sex will at length invent a covering even for these. But why should I suggest hints to my fair countrywomen, whose fashionable modesty has nearly shut them out from our view; they have with wonderful art contrived to become almost invisible, while they occupy more space than ever, and evade our sight, though they are three times their natural size.

To explain this to after ages, I must acquaint them that English ladies in the years 1786 and 1787, effected this miraculous disguise, not only by covering, but by adding such forms and shapes to the thing concealed, as it is impossible to believe could ever grow upon a human body. Lately the faculty were alarmed at the epidemical swellings which

appeared *behind,* till on examination they were found to proceed from the unnatural use of corks; a fashion so whimsical and unprecedented, that Sir Aston Leaver thought it right to preserve a specimen of these posterior ornaments, in his valuable museum, to shew posterity the manner in which corks were fitted to their grandmothers.

About the same time, most enormous protuberances seized all ranks of females in front, which at first it was feared proceeded from cancerous affections; but on a closer examination of these formidable tumors, it was discovered, that there was often *nothing* in them; but that by the help of starch, wire, and whalebone, ladies could raise their bosoms to their mouth (like cropper pigeons) without pain. This fashion would furnish a powerful argument for the superior discretion of modern belles, if it were necessary; for who would hesitate to trust any secret to a lady's bosom, where there is room to conceal a lap dog, or even a lover, if he could be made to fold and slip into himself like a lady's *sliding fan?*

A few evenings ago, as I passed through the Strand, in my way to tea with the fashionable widow Jointure, I was beset by some of those miserable objects who disgrace the streets of this metropolis, and having extricated myself from a group almost as naked as the goddesses on mount Ida, I was engaged by a train of thoughts upon the contrast in our modest women's dress, till I reached the house; but when the servant opened the drawing-room door, I started back, supposing that by mistake, he had shewn me into the lady's dressing room; the company being all females, and most of them in their shift sleeves: I blushed, begged pardon, and would have retired, when the fair widow dragged me in, and explained the whole mystery; it seems she and her friends were dressed in what they called *chemise la reine;* but such is the extreme delicacy of English ladies, that though it is fashionable to wear a shift like that of the Queen of France, yet in this country it is worn over the gowns, and the ladies all assured me, they had the usual quantity of English linen underneath. Can

any thing more strongly evince the decency of the present times, that where fashion makes it necessary to shew an under garment, it is done without the smallest violation of decorum, by this ingenious mode of making a double shift?

The only people who can complain of this envelopement of person, are sculptors and painters, who consider *le nud*, or representing naked figures, as the highest excellence of their profession; they can now only shew their skill in works of imagination, such as mermaids, syrens, sphinxes, and the like monstrous animals. I would advise these gentlemen to turn their attention to drapery, since they must soon find employment in making handkerchiefs and tuckers to all our family pictures, to hide the nakedness of those who lived before the introduction of dry nursing.

Such was the state of fashions in the year 1787, since which time, as might be expected, the greatest possible change has taken

place; but contrary to all expectation, without going back to any costume which ever before existed in this country. In all former fashions something was added to hide or disfigure the human shape, the head was moulded into fantastic forms, the hair stiffened with grease and clotted with powder, the limbs totally concealed, and the whole person so raised up, or swelled out with buckram, whalebone, horsehair, or even hay and straw, that women occupied a double space, and neither in shape nor dimensions resembled human beings.

If we compare the present dress of women in 1803, with the old family pictures of Holbein, Vandyk, Sir Peter Lely, or even so late as those by Sir Joshua Reynolds, we shall discover nothing like it in any period of the English history. On the contrary, the gems or statues of the purest ages of Grecian and Roman sculpture, seem to have served as models for the present graceful and natural forms of ladies dress. After paying this just tribute to the good taste of my fair countrywomen, I hope I may be allowed to observe

that however some may display their limbs with the unblushing purity of bronze or marble, yet this climate will not admit of taking their models from higher antiquity than Greece or Rome. This remark is not unnecessary, because the present use of flesh-coloured hosiery makes me shudder lest they should go back as far as the first woman of fashion in the world—Mrs. Eve.

Amongst articles of modern dress may now be reckoned some, which are not usually classed with the fans, ear-rings, and bracelets; formerly used to set off a hand or an ear: but our modern ladies have an opportunity of displaying their legs and arms by the help of a *pedal harp* or a *tambourine*.

No. IX.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Sir,

I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I, an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education.—I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the University, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a

timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended.

You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the University and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived

in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those of better education than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that*, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own.

My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired fortune, which he used to boast, would make a Nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, Sir, behold me at the age of twenty five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed

of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown.*

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters): from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

At length, however, I determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago,

accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open easy manner, left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about five thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons, and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father.

Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past, taken private lessons of a *professor*, who teaches "grown gentlemen to "dance;" and though I at first found wonderous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow; I boldly ventured to accept the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the

ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by habitual *practice*.

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly, but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me*, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress, and of that description, the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his

feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding

had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah,

who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes, my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce boat, and knocking down a salt seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters over-"whelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon, that stood near me;

in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal: it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets: at last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flea'd and blistered: totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from

all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame, and their diversion, was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration, which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting

shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned; perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I *feel* on the occasion, they will spare a *bashful man*, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

MONGRELL MORELL.

No. X.

VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

From a private mad house, Monday nearest the full moon.

SIR,

HAVING lived long enough on this earth to see the emptiness of all enjoyments, the vanity of pursuits, and the uncertainty of success; I determined to risk every thing, and leave this world in search of a better; but, though I was disgusted with the *world,* I had not quarrelled with *life;* I did not follow the example of my countrymen in hanging or drowning myself; no, Sir, I resolved to take advantage of the late wonderful discoveries in chemistry, and turn my back on one globe, by the help of another; so I provided myself with a magnificent balloon.

My principal object was to visit one of the planets, and I thought I might reach the *moon* in a very short time; but, as a prudent man always guards against the possibility of failure in the best planned undertaking, so I had prepared myself with every necessary to execute another scheme, should my original one prove abortive, and this was the taking a trip to the East Indies; which, by the help of these machines, is easily to be done in about eight hours. Here, lest the stupidity of future aeronauts may not see the facility of this voyage, I will explain it in a manner to be comprehended by the meanest proficient in natural philosophy.—Nothing more is necessary, than to ascend in a perpendicular direction, till the balloon is out of the earth's attraction; then remain stationary about eight hours, and descend in the same direction; the earth will in that time have revolved one-third upon its axis, and this will land you somewhere in the East Indies.—From thence to England the return is to be made in the same manner, allowing sixteen hours instead of eight for the remaining two-

thirds of the earth's circumference; for as every body knows that the earth revolves on its own axis once in twenty-four hours, it is self-evident that the effect must be the same, whether a man go round the world till he come to the same spot, or whether he stands still, and lets the world go round without him, till the same spot returns to him. But to proceed with the account of my voyage.

Having filled my balloon, and taken my seat in the car, I cut the lines which fastened it to the ground, and away I flew like a cork from a bottle of Champaigne.—I will not detain you with descriptions of the country I had quitted, the clouds under me like fleeces of wool, or the intense heat and cold of the mediums through which I passed for the first few miles, they being already so amply related by others; I shall only observe, that my remarks confirmed theirs as far as they went, particularly with respect to the power of ascension being augmented as the air became more rarified; for the velocity of my progress increased so rapidly, that at length, by my calculation, I found I was going faster than

a ball fired from the largest cannon, in the proportion of $736\frac{7}{11}$ to 1, and this convinced me I should reach the moon before sun-set.

I expected as I approached this novel region, to be charmed with that *variety* of colours and objects which the earth presents to the delighted aeronaut; but, on the contrary, the whole surface seemed one uniform mass of the brightest silver, and those apparent spots and streaks which have induced the learned to fancy they saw hills and valleys, and which the ignorant believe to be a man with a faggot on his back, were now proved to be the illusions of imagination, or the deception of sight.—I particularly noticed the several luminous spots which the ingenious HERSCHEL has supposed to be volcanoes; but, as I approached them, they appeared to be only *one*—and they became a striking proof how absurdly men are apt to argue from analogy, and how vain are all conjectures respecting heavenly and incomprehensible subjects, when founded on apparent similitude to what we see on earth. I shall therefore here premise, that when I use familiar comparisons

or allusions to explain what I have seen, you must not understand me literally; for, in describing things which were never heard or seen, or even thought of before, there must inevitably be great difficulty to convey adequate ideas.

I landed on the plated surface of the moon, at seven o'clock P. M. and walked about three miles before I saw the smallest hope of finding it inhabited; at length I discovered an *intellectual* SOMETHING, for I cannot call it *matter*, because it had no parts, nor *spirit*, because it seemed materially visible: in short, if I must compare it to any thing we know, it must be to an intelligent HUMAN EYE. That you may understand me, Sir, I must ask, if you have never seen a *human eye* which could convey the several ideas of love, or fear, or pride, or anger, with a single look? and without the help of language, could express the strongest pleasure or disgust? Such, in a degree beyond human conception, was the object I am describing, and with which I held a converse purely intellectual; for it answered my enquiries, and satisfied my utmost curiosity,

before I had time to form my questions into words. Of this intuitive conference the result was:—that in the moon there is no *variety*; a perfect *sameness* dwells throughout the extensive regions of this mighty luminary, consequently it can only be inhabited by a single person; for it is impossible for two things, however nearly resembling each other, to exist without distinction.

The supposed volcanoes, therefore, are but one great glare, the sole use of which is to keep up an uniformity of light and warmth during the absence of the sun; for here is no difference betwixt day and night, or betwixt heat and cold. Upon farther enquiry into the state of existence in a country where *perfect uniformity* prevailed, I found there was neither *pain*, nor *fear*, nor *sorrow*: but while I was going to rejoice in being admitted into such a state of happiness, I was told by a look, that there was also neither *pleasure*, *hope*, nor *joy*; for that each could only exist by comparison with its contrary: and that all the *variety* which proceeds from health and sickness, power and dependance, company and

solitude, with all that inexhaustible fund of contrarieties which form the various shades betwixt GOOD and EVIL on our globe, derived their very being from the power of *contrast*; and that where *perfect uniformity* prevailed, neither happiness nor misery could be long expected.

For some time, the satisfaction I received in this intellectual converse seemed to contradict the last assertion, for the novelty of such instruction gave me happiness which I could not suppress. To find myself at once at the fountain head of science; to learn without application, and to know without research; to investigate without fatigue, and to discover without the trouble of seeking, appeared to me such never-failing sources of true delight, that I was about to express the transports I experienced, and dispute the point with my antagonist, when the eye glanced contempt.—I felt at once the narrowness of my discernment, blushed to be confuted by a look, and shrunk into myself with shame at my defeat; then cheered again, and (like the disturbed quicksilver of a

barometer) my spirits for a time fluctuated betwixt *joy* and *mortification*, till at last they settled in perfect *indifference*. This put an end to our conference, and left me in that listless indolence of mind which can only be roused by the calls of nature.

I was going to ask, if supper was not ready? when another look of contempt informed me, that hunger was a source of *variety* unknown here; and I shut my eyes, that I might be no longer exposed to this intuitive conversation. 'Twas then I devoutly wished for the means of returning to my own planet, where life is chequered by the never-ceasing pleasures of *novelty* and *change*; where *corporeal refreshments* add vigour to the *soul*, and *mental extacy* is joined with *sensual appetite*; where unexpected *joy* succeeds the pangs of *sorrow*, and where through *pain* we reach our highest *pleasure*; where hateful *vice* sets off the charms of *virtue*; and where present *evils* and *calamities* give way to future prospects of never ending *happiness*.

Thus meditating in the presence of that eye which I dared no longer look at, I insensibly

fell asleep, and by some unknown power, was suddenly transported (together with the shattered fragments of my balloon) to my own garden, from whence I took my flight.

Oh! Sir, you will scarce believe me, when I tell you how ungratefully my nephew uses me; I have brought him up, and educated him to be my heir; and this boy, instead of being pleased at my return, and listening with rapture to my wonderous narrative, proclaims to all the world that I am mad, and has artfully converted my adventures to his advantage, by making it a plea for putting me into this house, that he may gain possession of my estate.

I am, Sir,

Your's in truth,

LUNATICUS.

No. XI.

THE FRIAR'S TALE.

In the centre of the most awful scenery of the Alps, there is a convent at which a custom prevails that does honour to human nature: strangers are not only hospitably entertained, but a breed of dogs are trained to go in search of wanderers, and are every morning sent forth with an apparatus fastened to their collars, containing some refreshment; many lives are by this means preserved in this wild romantic country.

In allusion to this custom, the following narrative is given nearly in the words of the reverend father superior of that monastery.

About twenty years ago (said the venerable old man), I was then in the 57th year of my age, and second of my priority over this house, when a most singular event happened through the sagacity of one of these dogs, to which I

became myself a witness. Not more than twelve leagues from hence, there lived a wealthy gentleman, the father of Matilda, an only child, whose history I am going to relate. In the same village lived also Albert, a youth possessed of all the world deems excellent in man, except that which was the only object of regard in the eyes of Matilda's father. Albert, with a graceful person, cultivated mind, elegance of manners, and captivating sweetness of disposition, was poor in fortune; and Matilda's father was blind to every other consideration. Therefore on Matilda's confession of unalterable attachment to her beloved Albert, the cruel father resolved to take advantage of the power which the laws here give a man, to dispose both of his daughter and his wealth at pleasure: the latter he resolved to bequeath to his nephew Conrad, and Matilda was sent to a neighbouring convent; where, after a year's probation, she was to be compelled to renounce both Albert and the world.

Conrad, whose artful insinuations had long worked on the weak mind of this misguided

father, was not content with having thus separated these lovers, but by inciting persecution from the petty creditors of Albert, drove him from his home; and, after many fruitless endeavours to communicate with his lost mistress, he fled for sanctuary to this convent. Here (said the hoary monk) I became acquainted with the virtues of that excellent young man, for he was our guest about ten months.

In all this time Matilda passed her days in wretchedness and persecution; the abbess of her convent, sister Theresa, who, to the disgrace of her profession and our holy church, disguised the disposition of a devil in the garment of a saint; became the friend and minister of Conrad's wicked purposes, and never ceased to persecute Matilda by false reports concerning Albert, urging her to turn her thoughts from him to that heavenly spouse to whom she was about to make an everlasting vow. Matilda scorned her artifice, and love for Albert resisted every effort of the abbess to shake her confidence in his fidelity.

She was in the last week of her noviciate,

when her father became dangerously ill, and desired once more to see her. Conrad used every endeavour to prevent it, but in vain; she was sent for; and the interview was only in the presence of Conrad and the nurse; but when the dying father perceived the altered countenance of his once beloved child, his heart condemned him; he reflected that the wealth which he was going to quit for ever, belonged to her, and not to Conrad, and he resolved to expiate his cruelty by cancelling the will, and consenting to the union of Albert and Matilda. Having made a solemn declaration of his purpose, he called for the will; then taking Matilda's hand in one of his, and presenting the fatal writing with the other he said, "Forgive thy father! destroy "this paper, and be happy; so be my sins "forgiven in heaven!" The joy of his heart at this first effort of benevolence, was too much for his exhausted spirits, and he expired as he uttered the last words, letting fall the will, which he was going to deliver.

Matilda's gentle soul was torn with contending passions; she had lost her father at

the moment when he had bestowed fresh life; and, in the conflict betwixt joy and grief, she sunk on the lifeless corps, in an agony of gratitude and filial tenderness.

Meanwhile Conrad did not let slip this opportunity to complete his plan, which, by the dying words of his uncle had been so nearly defeated; he secured the will, and corrupted the nurse by promises and bribes, never to reveal what she had witnessed; half persuading the interested doating old woman, that it was only the effect of delirium in the deceased. This idea was but too well supported by the first question of Matilda, who exclaimed, as she came to herself; "Where "am I! sure tis a dream! my father could "not say I should be happy, he could not "bid me tear that fatal will? Speak! am I "really awake, or does my fancy mock me "with such sounds?" The artful Conrad assured her that nothing of the kind had passed, telling her that her father had only mentioned Albert's name to curse him; and, with his last breath, commanded her to take the veil at the expiration of the week. All this the

perjured nurse confirmed; and then Matilda, being perfectly recovered, first saw the horrors of her situation. It was in vain for her to deny what they asserted, or remonstrate against their combined perfidy. She was by force again conveyed to her nunnery, in a state of mind easier to be imagined than described.

Here she was more violently than ever attacked by Theresa's persecution, who urged with increasing vehemence, the pretended positive commands of her dying father; and, by the advice of Conrad, used severities of conventual discipline, which almost robbed the devoted victim of her reason; still pleading that RELIGION justified her conduct.

Can it be wondered, that such cruel treatment should at length disturb the piety and faith of poor Matilda? and induce her to exclaim, with presumptuous bitterness, against the holy institutions of our church, and brand the sacred ordinances of our religion with unjust suspicions. "Why! (said she) why are "these massy grates permitted to exist, why "are these hated walls sad prisons of innocence

"and youth, where fraud and cruelty have "power to torture and confine the helpless? "RELIGION is the plea; RELIGION! which "should bring peace, and not affliction, to "its votaries; then surely that religion which "justifies these gloomy dungeons must be "false, and I will abjure it; yes! I will fly to "happier regions, where prisons are alotted "only to the guilty; there, no false vows "to heaven are exacted, but Albert and "Matilda may yet be happy." The possibility of an escape had never before presented itself, and indeed, it could never have occurred but to one whose reason was disordered, for she well knew that the doors were secured by many bars and locks, and that the keys were always deposited beneath the pillow of the abbess.

Her imagination was now too much heated to attend to any obstacles, and with a mixture of foresight, inspired by insanity, she packed up all her little ornaments of value, carelessly drew on her clothes, and put in her pocket some bread and provision which had been left in her cell; then wrapping round

her elegant form one of the blankets from the bed, she lighted a taper, and fearless walked towards the cloister door, idly expecting that it would fly open of its own accord, to innocence like hers—and now methinks I see her, with hair dishevelled—face pale and wan—her large black eyes wildly staring, and the whole of her ghastly figure, lighted by the feeble glimmer of her taper; majestically stalking through the gloomy vaulted hall.—Arrived at the great door, she found it partly open, and scarce believing what she saw, she quickly glided through it; but, as she passed, an iron bar which she had not observed, and which projected at the height of her forehead, slightly grazed her temple, and though she scarcely felt the wound, yet it added new horrors to her look, by covering her ghostlike face with streaks of blood.

Although Matilda had never considered the improbability of passing this door, she now reflected with wonder how she had passed it, and fear of a discovery began to operate, as she with more cautious steps moved silently through the cloister towards the outer gate.

When she approached it, she heard Theresa's voice whispering these words; "Adieu, dear "Conrad; but remember that your life, as "well as mine, depend on the secrecy of our "conduct:" then tenderly embracing each other, a man ran swiftly from her, and the abbess turning round, stood motionless with horror at the bloody spectre firmly approaching. The guilty mind of Theresa could only suppose the horrid vision to be the departed spirit of one, whom she thought her cruelties had murdered; and while the panic seized her whole frame, a gust of wind from the gate extinguishing the taper, Matilda seemed to vanish, as she resolutely pushed through the postern door still open.

Theresa was too well hackneyed in the ways of vice, to let such fear long take possession of her prudence: the night was dark, and it would have been in vain to pursue the phantom, if her recovering courage had suggested it; she therefore resolved to fasten both the doors, and return in silence to her own apartment, waiting, in all the perturbation of

anxiety and guilt, till morning should explain this dreadful mystery.

Meanwhile Matilda, conscious in her innocence, and rejoicing in her escape, pursued a wandering course through the unfrequented paths of this mountainous district, during three whole days and nights; partly supporting her fatigue by the provisions she had taken with her, and partly by a degree of insanity, which gave her powers beyond her natural strength; yet, in her distracted mind, this last instance of Theresa's wickedness, had excited a disgust and loathing, bordering on fury against every *religious* or *monastic institution*.

During the whole twelve months of Matilda's noviciate, no intercourse of any kind had passed between her and Albert, who con tinued under the protection of this house, alike ignorant of her father's death, and of all the other transactions which I have now related: yet knowing that the term of her probation was about to expire, he resolved once more to attempt some means of gaining admittance to her convent. With this

view he made a journey thither in the disguise of a peasant; and, on the very morning in which his mistress had escaped, he presented himself at the gate.

Conrad, who had by letter from the abbess been informed that her prisoner was fled, was desired to come immediately, and devise some excuse to the sisters for what had happened; for, although both to Conrad and Theresa the fact was evident, yet the sister nuns were distracted in conjectures: till, by one of those artful stretches of assurance, which consummate villany finds it easy to exert, Conrad recommended a plausible expedient.—And now RELIGION (that constant comfort of the good, and powerful weapon of the wicked) presented itself, as the only resource in this emergency. Theresa was taught to say that she had no doubt the sinful reluctance of Matilda to receive the veil had excited the wrath of Heaven; and that she was miraculously snatched away, or perhaps annihilated, to prevent the dreadful profanation of the holy ceremony at which she must that day have assisted.

This plan had been settled, and Conrad was going in all haste in pursuit of the fugitive, when, at the outer gate, he met the pretended peasant.—The penetrating eye, either of love or hatred, soon discovers a friend or an enemy, however carefully disguised—Conrad and Albert knew each other.—Instantly the flames of hatred, jealousy, and fury, kindled in their bosoms; and Conrad seizing Albert by the throat, exclaimed, "I've caught the "villain, the sacrilegious ravisher!"—A severe struggle ensued, in which Conrad drew his sword; but Albert (who had no weapon) dextrously wrenched the instrument from his hand, and plunged it in the bosom of his enemy.—He fell; while Albert fled with the utmost precipitation from the bloody scene, and returned in the evening to this convent.

How shall I describe (said the good old monk) the contrast betwixt the looks of our unhappy youth at this moment, and on the preceding morning when he left us!—Then, innocence faintly enlightened by a gleam of hope, smiled in his features, as he cheerfully bid us adieu, and said "perhaps I may again

"hear tidings of Matilda: should the will of "Heaven deny me happiness with her, I will "come back resigned, and dedicate my future "life to holy meditation void of guilt." But now, he returned breathless and pale, his hands besmeared with blood, his limbs trembling; he could only utter in faultering words, "Save me, reverend fathers! save "me from justice, from myself, if possible! "Behold a murderer!"

Some hours elapsed before we could collect from him the circumstances of a crime, which had produced this extreme degree of horror and compunction, in a mind so virtuous and innocent as his; and, having heard the whole, in which he took all the blame to his own hasty conduct, we promised him protection; and endeavoured, though in vain, for two whole days to speak comfort to his troubled mind, and to inspire confidence in the boundless mercy of his God.

On the third day we were diverted from this arduous task, by the return and behaviour of one of our dogs; the poor animal, who had been out all day, was restless, and shewed

evident marks of desire that we should accompany him to the relief of some poor wretch, who was unable to reach our convent.

Brother Jerome and I resolved to follow him; and we proceeded about half a mile when we turned from the beaten track, guided by our dog, to a retired glen where human feet had hardly ever trod before.—Here, on a rock, which projected over a dreadful precipice, sat an unhappy half-distracted object; I need not tell you, it was Matilda.—She had crept with wondrous difficulty up a steep ascent to the ledge of rock which overhung a fearful chasm, the very recollection of the place freezes my blood! when we first discovered her, she was eagerly clinging to a branch of yew which grew from a fissure in the rock above, and which half shaded her melancholy figure.

The dog followed her steps; but Jerome and I, unable to ascend a path so dangerous, stood below, unobserved by her, at a little distance.

When Matilda first perceived the dog, she looked with wildness round her; then fixing

her eyes with tenderness on the animal, she said, "Are you returned to me again? and "are you now my friend? Fie, fie, upon it! "Shall even dogs seduce the helpless!—Per-"haps you repent of what you would have "done—You look piteously. Alas! Matilda "can forgive you!—Poor brute! you know "I followed you all the day long, and would "have followed you for ever, but that you "led me to a detested convent!—Thither "Matilda will not go.—Why should *you* "lead me to a prison? a dog cannot plead "RELIGION in excuse for treachery!" She paused; then taking a rosary of pearls from her side, she fantastically wound it about the dog's neck, saying, "I have a boon to ask, "and thus I bribe you; these precious beads "are yours: now guide me to the top of this "high mountain, that I may look about me, "and see all the world.—Then I shall know "whether my Albert still be living—Ah, no! "it cannot be! for then Matilda would be "happy! and that can never, never be!" She then burst into a flood of tears, which seemed to give her some relief.

When I thought she was sufficiently composed, Jerome and I discovered ourselves. On this she shrieked, and hid her face; but calling to her, I said, " Albert is still alive." She looked at us, till by degrees she had wildly examined us from head to foot; then turning to the dog, she seized him by the throat, and would have dashed him down the precipice, saying, " Ah, traitor! is it thus " thou hast betrayed me?"—But the animal struggled from her. She then firmly looked at us, and cried, " Here I am safe, deceit- " ful monsters! safe from the tyranny of " your religious persecution; for, if you ap- " proach one single step, I plunge into this " yawning gulph, and so escape your power. " —Ha! ha! ha!"—Then recovering from a frantic laugh, she said, " Yet tell me, did " you not say that Albert lives? Oh! that " such words had come from any lips but " those of a false monk!—I know your arts; " with *you* such falsehoods are religious " frauds; thus you ensnare poor helpless " victims to your power: but I tell you, " cunning priests! here I defy you; nor will

"I ever quit this rock, till Albert's voice "assures me, I may do it safely."

You will easily imagine (continued the monk) the situation of Jerome and myself. Ignorant then of the manner in which she had escaped, we could only know from her words and actions that it was Matilda, and that her senses were impaired; perplexed how to entice her from this perilous retreat, and knowing that one false step would dash her headlong down the dreadful chasm, at length I said, "Gentle maid, be com-"forted; Albert and Matilda may yet be "happy." Then leaving Jerome concealed among the bushes to watch the poor lunatic, I hastened to the convent to relate what I had seen.

Meanwhile, Matilda looking with vacant stare around her, from time to time repeated my words, "*Albert and Matilda may yet be* "*happy*;" then pausing, she seemed delighted with the sound re-echoed from the rocks, again repeating, "*Albert and Ma-*"*tilda may yet be happy*;" still varying the modulation of her voice, as joy, grief, doubt,

hope, or despair, alternately prevailed in her disordered mind.

I will not detain you (resumed the reverend friar) with the effect my narrative had on the dejected Albert: he at first exclaimed, "Can there be comfort for a guilty wretch "like Albert?" and eagerly ran towards the place; then moved more calmly on my representing how fatal might be surprise to one in so dangerous a situation; and at length shrinking back, as he approached the spot, and turning to me, he said, "I will go no "further! Heaven has ordained, as a punish-"ment for the murder I have committed, "that I should become a witness to the shock-"ing death of the poor lost Matilda; at my "approach, in frantic extasy she will quit "her hold, and perish before my sight." I urged him to proceed, but it was in vain; he sat down on a bank, and was silently rapt in an agony of irresolution, when he heard, at a little distance, the well known voice of the poor lunatic, still repeating my words, "*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy.*" Roused by the sound, he started up, and

cautiously advancing, he exclaimed, "O! gra-"cious Heaven! fulfil those words, let them, "indeed, be happy!"

Matilda knew the voice, and carefully treading a path, which would have seemed impracticable to one possessed of reason, she descended from the ledge on which she sat, and approached with cautious steps; at the sight of Albert she flew impetuously forward, till seeing me, she as suddenly ran back, and would have again retreated to the rock, shrieking, "It is all illusion! priestcraft! it "is no real Albert, and I am betrayed." We pursued, and caught her; then finding my religious garb augmented the disorder of her mind, I withdrew, leaving only Albert to calm her needless fears.

But no persuasion, even from him, could induce her to come within view of the convent gates; I provided, therefore, accommodations for her in the cottage of a labourer, at some little distance; where, for many days her delirium continued, while a fever threatened a speedy dissolution. During this period Albert was labouring under all the anxiety

which his situation could inspire; the deed he had committed sat heavy on his soul, and he dared not hope for an event which his own guilty thoughts reproached him with having not deserved.

At length the crisis of the fever shewed signs of a recovery, and now his joy was without bounds; even the blood of Conrad seemed a venial crime, and he triumphed in the anticipation of reward for all he had suffered: but this happiness was of short duration, for at that time I received a letter from the abbess Theresa, demanding back the fugitive whose retreat she had discovered. This requisition I knew I must obey; and giving the letter to Albert, I was going to explain the necessity of my compliance, when he burst out in bitter execrations against this and all *religious houses*; cursing their establishment as a violation of the first law of nature.

Having heard, with a mixture of patience, pity, and resentment, all that his rage or disappointment could suggest, I answered nearly in these words, beginning calmly, but by degrees assuming all the authority the case

required: "My son, blame not the pious in-
"stitutions of our holy church, sanctified by
"the observance of many ages; nor im-
"piously arraign the mysterious decrees of
"Providence, often producing good from
"evil. This sacred edifice has been conse-
"crated, like many others, by our pious
"ancestors, for purposes honourable to Hea-
"ven, and useful to Mankind; these hospi-
"table doors are ever open to distress; and
"the chief object of our care is, to discover
"and relieve it. This holy mansion has long
"been an asylum against the oppression of
"human laws, which drove *thee* from thine
"home; and, but a few days since, *thou*
"thyself blessed an institution which saved
"the wretched Matilda perishing in madness.
"Nay, at this very moment, its mercy shelters
"from the hands of justice, a murderer! yet
"thy presumption dares deny its general use,
"from thine own sense of partial inconveni-
"ence; and execrate monastic institutions,
"because by a separation of the sexes, lewd-
"ness and sensuality are checked: but know,
"short sighted youth, that the world will not

"remain unpeopled, because a *few* of its mem-
"bers consecrate their lives to *holy meditation*; nor shall the human species become extinct, because Albert and Matilda cannot be united, to propagate a race of infidels and murderers." I stopped, for I perceived the gentle Albert was touched with my rebuke; and falling on his knees, he cried in the emphatic words of Scripture, "Father! "I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy "sight."—"It is enough, my son, (I replied), "and now I will compassionate your situation; I will do more, for though I cannot detain Matilda longer than till she is "able to be removed; yet in that time (if "Heaven approve my endeavours) I may promote your union; and should I fail in the "attempt, this roof, which thy hasty passion "has profaned, shall yet be a refuge to thee "from despair; and I will strive to raise thy "thoughts above the trifling disappointments "of a transitory world."

I could not wait the reply of Albert, (said the prior) being at this time called out to welcome the arrival of a stranger, who they

said was dangerously ill; this proved to be no other than the wounded Conrad. He, in few words, explained the motive of his visit, telling me, that immediately after the rencounter, dreading *that awful presence in which no secret is concealed,* and to which he apprehended he was summoned by his own sword in the injured hand of Albert, he had vowed (if Heaven would grant him life) to repair the wrongs he had committed. He had already executed a deed, resigning all the fortune of her father in favour of Matilda; he had declared his guilty commerce with Theresa, that she might repent, or suffer punishment; he had paid all the debts of Albert, and justified his character to the world; and, finally, he had resolved to implore the prayers of myself, and the venerable fathers of this house, to make him worthy of becoming one of our holy order; that if he lived he might be useful; or if he died, he might be happy.

The prior then concluded this interesting narrative, by saying, that Albert and Matilda were united and are still blessed in each other's virtues, improved by difficulties thus

surmounted; that Theresa had too far profaned the laws of Heaven to have any confidence in religion, and died by her own hands; but that Conrad recovered slowly from his wound, and, after living many years an honour to the order he professed, he died in peace. The faithful dog (he said) was the favourite companion of Albert and Matilda, who had begged him from the convent, and encouraged him to pursue his task of discovering travellers who had lost their way, but whom he now brought to the hospitable mansion of this virtuous pair.

He then briefly hinted arguments in favour of monastic institutions; yet liberally allowing that the religion of his country might in certain points be wrong, and knowing me to be a Protestant, I suppose he acknowledged more than I ought in justice to his candour to relate. For this reason I have purposely suppressed the name and situation of his convent; but I shall ever remember these words, with which he finished this discourse: "TRUE RELIGION (said he) however it may "vary in outward ceremonies, or articles of

" faith, will always teach you to do good, " to love and help each other; it will teach " you, that no sin, however secret, can long " remain concealed; and that when the world " and all it vanities have palled the sated " appetite, you must seek refuge in conscious " innocence, or a sincere repentance. Then, " no matter whether you choose a *convent* " for retirement, or *commune with your own* " *heart upon your bed, and be still.*"

END OF VOL. I.

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